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A FEW WORDS ABOUT MR. LOWELL.

OF the many spontaneous and critical tributes paid lately to the admirable gifts of James Russell Lowell, I recall but one where allusion was made to their early and prompt recognition by a contemporaneous public. Yet it was well known that he had never experienced the hesitating and probationary struggles of the literary life; that he had undergone none of the tentative trials of talent, and that, without exciting any of the perturbing effects of a literary comet, he was, nevertheless, as completely successful at the beginning of that brilliant career just closed as he was at its fullest finish. This was the more singular, since the performances of a political satirist, a didactic poet, a thoughtful and cultivated essayist do not usually secure that immediate popularity accorded to the latest humourist or story teller. For, although Mr. Lowell had humour, it was subordinate to his controversial purpose, and, undoubted as was his lyric power, in his most stirring passages the moral effort was apt to be painfully and Puritanically obvious. But he was always popular, and I feel it is no mere loyalty to old impressions when I can remember that he was one of my *boyish* heroes as well as the admiration of my maturer years, for he belonged to us all in the "School Readers" of America, and the man who was stirred in later years by the war lyrics of 1864 could recall how his youthful pulse had been mysteriously thrilled by the then prophetic "When a deed is done for Freedom." Whatever ideal Mr. Lowell may have had in his own inner consciousness—in spite of the playful portrait he has given of himself in the "Fable for Critics"—outwardly at least the work of his manhood seemed

to have fulfilled the ambition, as it had the *promise*, of his youth. A strong satirical singer, who at once won the applause of a people inclined to prefer sentiment and pathos in verse; an essayist who held his own beside such men as Emerson, Thoreau, and Holmes; an ironical biographer in the land of the historian of the Knickerbockers; and an unselfish, uncalculating patriot selected to represent a country where partisan politics and party service were too often the only test of fitness—this was his triumphant record. His death seems to have left no trust or belief of his admirers betrayed or disappointed. The critic has not yet risen to lament a wasted opportunity, to point out a misdirected talent, or to tell us that he expected more or less than Mr. Lowell gave. Wonderful and rounded finish of an intellectual career.

Yet it has always seemed to me that his early success as well as his strength lay in his keen instinctive insight into the personal character of the New Englander. He had by no means created the "Yankee" in literature, neither had he been the first to use the Yankee dialect. Judge Haliburton, a writer of more unqualified English blood, had already drawn "Sam Slick," but it was the Yankee regarded from the "outside"—as he was wont to aggressively present himself to the neighbouring "Blue Noses"—and although the picture was not without occasional graceful and poetic touches, that poetry and grace was felt to be Judge Haliburton's rather than Sam Slick's. It may interest the curious reader to compare the pretty prose fancy of Sam Slick's dream with the genuine ring of "Hosea Biglow's Courting." Dr. Judd's *Margaret*—a novel, I fear, unknown to most Englishmen—was already a New England classic when Hosea Biglow was born. It was a dialect romance—so provincial as to be almost unintelligible to even the average American reader, but while it was painted with a coarse Flemish fidelity, its melodrama was conventional and imported. It remained for Mr. Lowell alone to discover and portray the real Yankee—that wonderful evolution of the English Puritan, who had shaken off the forms and superstitions, the bigotry and intolerance of religion, but never the deep consciousness of God. It was true that it was not only an allwise God but a God singularly perspicacious of wily humanity; a God that you had "to get up

early" to "take in"; a God who encouraged familiarity, who did not reveal Himself in vague thunders, nor answer out of a whirlwind of abstraction; who did not hold a whole race responsible—but "sent the bill" directly to the individual debtor. It was part of Mr. Lowell's art to contrast this rude working-Christian Biglow with the older-fashioned Puritan parson Wilbur, still wedded to his creed and his books. The delightful pedant is no less strong and characteristic than his *protégé*, though perhaps not as amusing and original, and there is always a faint reminiscence of the "Dominie" in literature whom we all remember in some shape or another, but to Mr. Lowell belongs the delightful conceit of making him the patron of the irreverent and revolutionary Hosea, who already usurped his functions as moralist. Yet clever as was the "swaller-tailed talk" of the parson, one is conscious that it is mere workmanship, and that at best it is but humorous translation artistically done. It is the rude dialect of Hosea that is alone real and vital. For this is not the "Yankee talk" of tradition, of the story books and the stage—tricks of pronunciation, illiterate spelling, and epithet—but the revelation of the character, faith, work, and even scenery of a people, in words more or less familiar, but always in startling and novel combination and figurative phrasing. New England rises before us, with its hard social life, its scant amusements, always sternly and pathetically conjoined with religious, patriotic, or political duty in the "meetings," "training," or "caucus"—with its relentless climate mitigated by those rare outbursts of graciousness that were like His special revelations; with the grim economy of living, the distrust of art which perhaps sent the people to the woods and fields for beauty; the human passion that asserted itself in a homely dramatic gesture; these move and live again in honest Hosea's idiom. Without multiplying examples one may take that perfect crystallisation of New England—the white winter idyl of "The Courtin'." In the first word the keynote of the Puritan life is struck :—

"*God* makes sech nights, all white and still."

The familiar personal Deity is there—no Pantheistic abstraction, conventional muse, nor wanton classic Goddess, but the New

Englander's Very God. Again and again through the verses of that matchless pastoral the religious chord is struck; weak human passion and grim piety walk hand-in-hand to its grave measure; to look at the pretty Huldy in her cosy kitchen was "kin' o' kingdom come"; when, on Sunday, in the choir, Zekel "made Old Hundred ring," she knowed the Lord was nigher; with *his* eyes on the cover of her meetin' bonnet, she blushes scarlet "right in prayer," and the loving but discreet pastoral closes with the assurance that

> "They was cried
> In meetin' come nex Sunday."

Equally strong and true with the grim pathos of this courtship, mitigated by religious observances, are the few touches that discover the whole history of the Revolution and its "embattled farmers" in the "Old Queen's arm" over the chimney; that reveal the economic domestic life in the picture of the hardworking mother utilising her discreet propinquity by "sprinklin' clo'es agin to-morrow's i'nin'" in the next room, and the fair Huldy herself dividing her blushes with "the apples she was peelin'." The hard realistic picture is lifted into the highest poetry by two or three exquisite similes—conceits that carry conviction because they are within the inventive capacity of the quaint narrator, and the outcome of his observation. Take such perfect examples as:—

> "But long o' her his veins 'ould run
> All crinkly like curled maple,
> The side she brushed felt *full o' sun*
> *Ez a south slope in Ap'il.*

. . . . . .

> "All ways to once her feelins flew
> Like sparks in burnt up paper."

. . . . . .

> "When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
> Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
> All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
> And teary round the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary."

. . . . . .

"Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay of Fundy."

The last simile is the only one that might be thought inconsistent with the young farmer's capacity. But then the American schoolboy—inheritor of a vast continent—was always up in his geography—and for the matter of that in his natural phenomena too.

As to the origin and genius of this wonderful dialect, Mr. Lowell has estopped criticism and inquiry with an essay that has exhausted the subject; it would be difficult to glean where he has reaped, and one does not care to refute his arguments, if one could. One is not concerned to know that much of the so-called dialect is Old English, and that among the other sturdy things the Puritan carried over with him was the integrity of the language. Enough for us that it was the picturesque interpretation of the New England life and character. Critic of the New Englander as he was, he was first and last always one of them. Like Bramah he may have been the "Doubter and the Doubt," but he was also "the hymn the Brahmin sings."

But Mr. Lowell was more of an Englishman than an American—in the broadest significance of the latter term. His English blood had been unmixed for two generations, with the further Eng[illegible] insulation of tradition, family, and locality. In the colonial homestead the initials "G. R." were still legible on the keystone of the chimney, and from what he has told us of his great grandmother, it might have been also engraven on her heart—if a sentimental interest in Royalty were an uncommon weakness of the American woman. The family seem to have had none of those vicissitudes of fortune or restless ambition which compel the average American to "go West" or otherwise change his *habitat*. He knew little of the life and character of the West and South—it is to be feared that he never greatly understood or sympathised with either. His

splendid anti-slavery services were the outcome of moral conviction, and not the result of a deliberate survey of the needs and policy of a nation. In his most powerful diatribes, there was always this reiteration of an abstract Right and Wrong that was quite as much the utterance of Exeter Hall as of Elmwood. Only once does a consideration of the other side occur, and that is a note of human compassion :—

> " My eyes cloud up for rain ; my mouth
> Will take to twitching roun' the corners ;
> I pity mothers too down South,
> For all they sot among the scorners."

But the whole instinct is as aggressive and uncompromising as the *ante bellum* English expression had been, and an Englishman should find no difficulty in understanding the burst of equally intense indignation which England's abandonment of that attitude excited in Mr. Lowell and was resented in "Jonathan to John." It was also this consciousness of his own integrity as a transplanted Englishman who had kept the best traditions of the race, which made him unduly sensitive to English criticism and gave a wholesome bitterness to his manly protest to "A Certain Condescension to Foreigners." One does not care to be called " provincial" by one's own cousins for exhibiting the family traits more distinctly than they do, and Mr. Lowell's sensitiveness was English rather than American. The dwellers of the Great West and North West, who had quite as much at stake in this struggle for unity and who had as freely contributed their blood and substance to its defence, were not shaken in their mountainous immobility, or ruffled in their lacustrine calm. Perhaps they were accustomed to it in the attitude which Puritan New England had already taken towards them.

The race that had been intolerant of Quakers and witches in colonial days were only inclined at best to a severe patronage or protectorate over the Gallic mixtures of the South and Gulf, with their horse-racing, duelling and reprehensible recklessness of expenditure ; over the German millions of the West and Middle States, slow and sure in their thoughtful citizenship, but given overmuch to wicked enjoyment of the Sabbath ; the Irishman of the great seaboard and inland cities, developing the conservatism of wealth in

his mature years, but perplexing and perturbing in his youthful immigration; the Spaniards of the South-West and the Pacific slope, gentle and dignified, full of an Old World courtesy unknown to the Atlantic States, but hopeless in their Latin superstitions and avowed Papistry. The microcosm of New England hardly reflected these puissant elements of the greater world of the Republic, and it is to be feared not always rightly comprehended them. When the New Englander went to Kansas it was with a Sharp rifle and a dogma, very much as his English ancestor had penetrated the wilderness. When he travelled for information the provincial instinct was still strong and he visited his capital—London. His literature confined itself mainly to the exploitation of local thought and character. With the exception of the Quaker Whittier few of the New England writers had let their observations or fancy stray beyond its confines. Longfellow's "Hiawatha," the Western man knew only as a beautiful legend with Indian names and pictures from Catlin, but not an American romance. It seems strange that Mr. Lowell, who has given us the following lines:—

> "Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby-bed
> Was prowled round by the Injun's cracklin' tread,
> An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains
> Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains,
> Who saw in vision their young Ishmel strain
> With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane,—
> Thou skilled by Freedom an' by gret events
> To pitch new States ez Old-World men pitch tents,"—

should have known so little of those "New States," or that now limitless circle before which the Indian has retired. But it was presumed that a sufficient idea of the country as an entity could have been evolved from the New Englander's inner consciousness itself, even as the secret of the wilderness was supposed to have been revealed to the soulful observer of Boston Common. I remember being startled by a remark of Mr. Emerson's as we were one day walking beside Walden Pond. It will be recollected that there the gifted Thoreau once reverted to nature, forswore civilisation and taxes, and became a savage dweller in the wilderness. As I ventured to comment upon the singular contiguity of the village to what

might be termed the fringe of this trackless solitude, the "Sage of Concord" turned to me with a sweet but peculiar smile. "Yes," he said, "we sometimes rang the dinner bell at the lower end of the garden and we were always glad when Henry heard it and came up." Kind philosopher and discreet seeker of nature's primal truths! I don't mean to say that this facility of easy return to the conventional should ever be in the way of great divination, but I fancy I have since heard Mr. Emerson's dinner bell in a good deal of New England literature—and have felt relieved.

But if Mr. Lowell failed in a sympathetic understanding of the whole nation who understood him and honestly mourn his loss, he never erred in his complete and keen perception of the section whose virtues and vices he portrayed. With his instincts as a true artist he knew that his best material lay at the roots of the people, close to the common soil, and with his instincts as a gentleman he heeded not the cry of "vulgarity" at his choice. We cannot be sufficiently grateful to him that he did not give us perfunctory, over-cultivated, self-conscious, epigrammatic heroes and heroines, as he might have done, and that his perfect critical faculty detected their unartistic quality, as his honest heart despised their sham. His other creative work had little local colour, might have been written anywhere, and belonged to the varying moods of the accomplished singer and thinker, whether told in the delicate tenderness of the "First Snowfall," of "Auf Wiedersehen," and "After the Burial," or in the gentle cynicism of "Two Scenes from the Life of Blondel." His critical essays are so perfect in their literary quality that one forgets that they are or are not criticism.

It was a coincidence that, coming as we did each from the extreme opposite shores of our continent, our official lot should be cast together in this country. It was a pleasant one to us both. But I find myself to-night somehow recalling the first time I met him under his roof-tree at Elmwood, when he came forward pleasantly to greet a countryman, who I fear, however, was to him as great an alien in experience, methods, and theories of his country as any foreigner who had enjoyed his hospitality.

I remember that near the house a gentle river sang itself away towards the sea. In that continent of mighty streams it was not,

perhaps, as characteristic of the country as either of those great arteries that lie close to the backbone of the Republic, and form one vast highway for the people, for whose undivided and equal rights in it my friend and host lately battled with all the grace and vigour of his race; it was not as far-reaching as the larger rivers that ran east and west from the Rocky Mountains, and brought prosperity to either shore. But it ran under that marvellous bridge beneath whose arches Longfellow saw the moon sinking like "a golden goblet," and broadened and mirrored back the windows where Holmes still looked upon it and sang to it his sweetest songs. And the little "Charles" never bore more precious freight upon its bosom than when the last leaves of that transplanted English oak, which had grown up so sturdily among the elms of Elmwood, drifted out that August morning towards "the old home."

BRET HARTE.

WOMEN AND WORK.

I.

IT is sometimes said that in France we talk a good deal about liberty, but in reality do not thoroughly understand its conditions; and that we are more attached to equality than to liberty. This refers to political liberty. Purely civil liberty we highly prize. We do not like the State to take into its own hands the management of our private affairs. Like every other nation, we have always had public schools; but we did not hesitate to say that we ought not to avail ourselves of them except as a necessary evil, that family teaching was far preferable. When it was proposed that the public schools should be conducted by the State, or that the State should have the control of the private schools, all sorts of objections were urged, and innumerable difficulties thrown in the way. What will become of liberty? it was asked. What will become of parental rights? These objections were backed up by the clergy, who must always be taken strictly into account in everything relating to life in Catholic countries, owing to their strong organisation. The Catholic clergy rule the women, and through them the children. They regard every attempt of the State itself to give instruction, or to control that given by others, as a direct attack upon their influence. It was this which made it so difficult to pass the law upon gratuitous and compulsory education. The outcry was raised that it was an attack upon liberty. The clergy, who are not generally remarkable for their devotion to liberty, joined in the outcry like the rest. In reality it was a struggle between the State and the Church for the control of public instruction. The law establishing compulsory education, which had been advocated for a century, was not passed until 1878. Almost every country had got the start of us.

We succeeded earlier in regulating the position of children in factories. The first law upon children's labour dates back to 1841. The reason was that the clergy were less interested in the question. The only opposition which had to be encountered was the somewhat vague theory of the supremacy of parental authority, and the alarm of the manufacturers. The majority of them thought that if the number of the children from whom they select their little auxiliaries were diminished, the cost for machinery would become so exorbitant that they could no longer afford it. Humanity triumphed. It secured a limitation ; but what a small one ! We have had in succession the little operative eight years old, nine years old, twelve years old. The cause has now been definitely gained. The age of thirteen has already been voted by the Chamber of Deputies, and the Senate will not stand out upon this point.

Hitherto children alone had been in question, and in the first instance only very young children. When the time came to diminish the hours of labour of "the little operatives," who are not, properly speaking, children, but adolescents, all the objections reappeared. But in the end it was admitted that the young operatives were not able to protect themselves ; that the parents, having a direct interest in utilising their growing powers at the expense of their vitality and their future strength, did not act for the best on behalf of these young operatives ; and that, moreover, many illegitimate children, orphans, and deserted children had really no other protector than the State.

But when an attempt was made to regulate by law the position of women, everybody at first was up in arms. The Conservatives appealed to Liberty ; the manufacturers declared that business could not be carried on if any restrictions were placed upon women's labour. The public in general, knowing little about industrial questions, argued that grown-up women were as intelligent as men, that they were just as good judges of their own interests, that they had the same right to dispose of their time and of their ability. They were deprived of the exercise of political rights by considerations which had nothing whatever to do with the labour question. It would be in some sort an attack upon their liberty to deprive them,

without any avowable reason, of the right to dispose of themselves.

What added force to this argument was the fear of Socialism, a feeling which has been, and still is, very powerful among us. Directly Socialism is talked about, the public imagine that property is in danger and that family life is threatened. With middle-class women, Socialism and Communism are all one, and as they think that the suppression of property will of necessity be accompanied by the suppression of marriage and family life, I leave you to imagine the horror with which they regard the prospect. To this may be added the strength of the religious feeling, for to meddle with marriage is to meddle with religion. In the eyes of Catholics, even divorce is a violation of the religious law and a formal attack upon liberty of conscience. Catholicism is more active and more powerful than people suppose. It has on its side nearly all the women and nearly all the rural population. The anti-religious movement, which is sometimes very violent, scarcely extends beyond the towns, mostly the large towns. We must, moreover, distinguish, which is not always done, between the authority of religion and that of the clergy. France is decidedly anti-Clerical, but she is very religious.

Our Chambers have passed Socialist laws, but have passed them by surprise, and not upon reflection. The Constituent Assembly of 1848 passed a law enacting that the duration of labour, for men and women, should not exceed twelve hours a day. That law, extorted by the pressure of the Socialists, then very ardent and very powerful, soon fell into desuetude. In connection with this law it should be remarked that it had been preceded the same year by a Decree of the Provisional Government regulating the labour of men and women, and fixing an hour less for Paris than for the Departments, and everywhere an hour less for women than for men.

The difference between Paris and the Departments can only be explained by the pressure exercised by the Paris workmen, but the difference established between men and women by the Provisional Government should be remarked. A question of principle was involved, which had long been discussed, and it will probably triumph

this year. It had only just taken shape in 1848, for the law passed by the Assembly does not embody it. The manufacturers proved, as they still do now, or believe they do, that, the women being the indispensable auxiliaries of the men, to limit the labour of the women was to limit indirectly the labour of the men; and they succeeded in introducing into the law the provision that twelve hours should be the uniform duration of labour for both sexes.

The present Chamber of Deputies has always been in favour of including women among the persons specially protected—that is, of assimilating their position with that of children and separating it from that of adult men. Here, again, the question of principle is distinctly laid down. When it is understood that women are among the number of persons specially protected, the limits of that protection may be discussed: for instance, should they be prohibited from doing certain kinds of work? should they rest from work at stated intervals? should the duration of their day's work be limited? These questions will have their importance as questions of fact, but the first thing to be discussed and settled is the question of principle.

When the International Congress assembled at Berlin, in which all the European States took part except Russia, Turkey, and the various principalities of the Balkans, the French Senate had just decided in a very energetic manner against the admission of women to the class of specially protected persons. The French delegates consequently received formal instructions to support no proposition for regulating the labour of adult women. The labour of adult men and the rate of wages were, by common accord among all the States represented, excluded from the questions submitted to the Congress. Again, the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate having refused to recognise Sunday as a weekly day of rest, we were compelled to conform to that decision. I obtained permission from my colleagues to speak in favour of the Sunday rest, and I also told the Congress at a full sitting that if I had voted in my own name I should not have failed to support the limitation of women's labour. When the question of prohibiting women from working directly after childbirth came up for discussion, we were unanimous—I mean the members of the French deputation—in supporting the prohibition,

notwithstanding the general instructions we had received. The resolution was passed by acclamation, first of all in the Committee of which I was chairman, and afterwards at a full sitting of the Congress.

A few minutes after this decision I was in the presence of a very high personage. I told him that we had voted with unanimity, and with something very like enthusiasm. He exclaimed that he was as pleased as we were. "It will cost money," I said, "for we cannot condemn these poor creatures to die of hunger, or urge the workmen to become Malthusians." "Well," he replied, "we must all of us put our hands in our pockets. Humanity before all things."

When the debate took place in the French Chambers upon the position of working women, the Chamber of Deputies voted for the admission of women among the number of privileged persons. It refused to recognise officially the Sunday as a weekly day of rest. It threw out, or rather postponed, the measure respecting women who have just become mothers, on the ground that the question must be examined from a financial point of view. A Bill, the result of Parliamentary initiative, was at once introduced. Personally, I am most heartily in favour of it. I abstain from dealing with it here, because I wish to confine myself to the principal question, the admission of women to the class of privileged persons. I will simply say that the plan has been successfully tried. The first trial with which I am acquainted took place at Mulhouse, in the factory of my friend, Jean Dolfus, who has several times repeated to me that the expense has been met, and more than met, by the increase in the labour of the women. His good action proved to be good policy. In Paris I may cite the firm of Nayrolles, of the Rue des Etablissements Industriels, which has adopted the same regulation with the same result. I repeat, moreover, the decisive remark made to me in the conversation at Berlin, "Humanity before all things."

I return to the question of the admission of women among the number of specially protected persons, and I will rapidly summarise the principal objections to that measure.

It is urged, in the first place, that it is impossible to regulate women's labour without regulating men's labour, because the two questions are inseparable. This is the objection made by the manu-

facturers, the practical men who overwhelm us with their disdain, presumptuous mortals that we are, because we do not possess a single spindle or a self-acting machine. I reply in general terms by stating, in the first place, that no industrial reform has ever been proposed which has not been declared impossible. When fifty years ago it was proposed to prohibit young children, less than eight years old, from working in factories, we were vehemently assured, and I am persuaded with perfect sincerity, that if the proposal were adopted the factories would have to close their doors. It was proved to demonstration every day. Well, the Chambers paid no heed; the measure was passed; the factories are not closed, they are still prosperous; the age of admission has been extended several times, and it has been recognised that all these reforms can be carried out without any detriment to trade. In a few months the age of admission will assuredly be extended to thirteen, and this will show us among other things that we should not be in too great a hurry to declare anything impossible.

May we not also urge that the duration of women's labour should be less than that of men, because it is thus regulated by law in Great Britain? I am bound to speak with due circumspection of the legislation of a neighbouring country, but unless I am greatly mistaken women's labour is limited in England to ten hours a day, with, moreover, shorter hours on Saturday. Yet I have never heard it said that English manufactures under these conditions are unable to compete with the manufactures of the Continent.

The objection based upon the fact that women are keenly alive to their own rights and interests does not trouble me. I readily admit that in these matters they can see as clearly as men, and that in pacific discussions they need no advocate to defend them. But I submit that they have not the same liberty, nor the same resources as men.

Have they the same resources? Can they, for instance, to come at once to the point, hold meetings, form committees, appoint officials, declare and maintain a strike? The differences are obvious at a glance to everyone who reflects. I will cite one which is not connected with the natural conditions of their sex, but which is due to the laws and to social conventions; it is that most of them are

married and that very few of the unmarried are exempt from some sort of guardianship. To organise a strike, and especially to maintain one, they, therefore, need the permission of others. That of itself suffices to show that they have a right to the protection of the law.

Here is another proof derived from a similar fact. A man has two means of releasing himself from his master's authority; first by a strike, next by removing to some other industrial centre. When the right of coalition was not recognised among us a workman had no other resource to escape injustice than to go and look for work elsewhere. Can a woman set out on such a journey as easily as a man? If she determines to do so some fine morning, can she jump into a railway carriage at once as he can? To say nothing of other impediments, is she not compelled by law to reside with her husband? I am ashamed to be compelled to add that a man often abandons his concubine and the children he has had by her; but the mother, whether married or not, never abandons her children. No, no, the working woman has not the same means of defence as the working man. It is scandalous to speak of their equality where her personal needs are concerned, since her inferiority where her interests are concerned is established and organised.

Those who want to keep women with men as persons not specially protected by law affirm that they are thereby honouring women, and that it is we who wish to degrade them by assimilating them with children. I do not think that they feel the degradation very keenly. When they claim equality with us it is not physical strength which they have in view; they frankly acknowledge their weakness, and are not slow to turn it to account. In every civilised country, when a man is associated with a woman, he undertakes the hardest work and the most fatigue. Women are not offended; they would indeed be astonished if it were otherwise, nay, somewhat vexed, perhaps. When we ask the law to spare them we are only conforming to the invariable tradition of humanity and nature.

We must also give some thought to the claims of maternity. If we had to enumerate all the causes which contribute to the health and vigour of the child, we should place in the foremost position the vigour and health of the mother. No one is so variable

and so delicate as a woman. Everything influences her; everything modifies her. Compare our fine ladies, the artificial product of society, tortured by their fashionable clothes, shut up in their mansions, idle, turning night into day, breathing an atmosphere heavy with perfumes, having scarcely any other object in life than pleasure and vanity; compare them, I say, with a robust peasant woman, moving freely in her clothes, living in the open air, always active, always engaged in some occupation harmonious with her tastes, her capacity, and her wants. Why, these two beings do not seem to belong to the same species. One is delicate, graceful, charming, a delight to the eye, captivating by her refined intelligence. I admit it. But when she has to face her responsibilities as a woman, and to obey the commands of nature, what difficulties and what dangers she has to undergo in childbirth! The child is often puny and consumptive. The mother's milk cannot be relied on. A nurse is sent for in hot haste. The peasant woman of whom I have been speaking is engaged. No one would think of taking a woman from a factory. She, too, leads an artificial life, but of a very different kind from that of the fine lady, and for very different reasons. Her surroundings are unhealthy; the air she breathes is unwholesome; she rises too early every morning; the work she does overtaxes her strength. She also will give us puny children. When we wish to ameliorate her condition, we do not think of her alone. We think of her children. We think of the race.

Go and consult the factory doctors. They will tell you that the women often suffer from incurable complaints. One great cause of these complaints is the work they do while they are pregnant, which is continued until they are taken in labour, and resumed two or three days afterwards, when the poor creatures have scarcely strength enough to drag themselves to the loom, and only by heroic courage are able to stand upright for twelve hours. It is painful to be compelled to give these particulars, to state facts of which no one can be ignorant, and to hear the positive men, the wise men, the practical men declare in an arrogant tone that the work of a factory woman is not fatiguing.

When we urge that the work of women should be limited we are not thinking of their weakness, of their complaints, of child-

birth and its results, or of the self-evident truth that there is every probability the mother will transmit to her offspring either her strength or her weakness. These considerations, which people affect to disdain, are certainly of importance—of capital importance. But we in our turn will disregard them. It is not for them that we have taken the field in order to restore women to their homes. It is solely moral reasons by which we are guided.

Let us leave the factory for a moment. Let us consider the chief and the most intimate of human relations, marriage. The essential object of marriage is to procreate and rear children. Nature, or rather God—(let me here speak the language which is habitual to me, and dictated by my convictions)—God assigns their parts to the father and the mother. The father has to keep guard and defend the family against all possible enemies and dangers; he seeks for his offspring the means of subsistence, he produces them himself by his labour, he acquires them by his courage, or he amasses by dint of his efforts their equivalents, which he afterwards exchanges for the necessaries of life. Indoors, too, he has something to do. He is the guide, and the judge on decisive occasions. The mother plays her part indoors only. She it is who attends to and embellishes the home, who renders it pleasant and agreeable. She prepares the meals and sits at the head of the table; she looks after the clothes, gives orders to the servants, discovers the first signs of illness and devotes herself night and day to the work of the nurse. She tends her children in every phase they pass through until they become adults. She lulls them to sleep in early infancy upon her knees; she soothes them, she amuses them, she suckles them, she teaches them how to eat, to speak, to walk. Is that all she teaches them? Even before they know how to talk, does not their mother talk to them? Is there not a thought and a lesson in her smile? As soon as intercourse is established between them does she speak to them only of their needs? Does she not teach them their duty? Does she not teach them to love by loving them, and causing them to love her? Long before they are able to understand a definition she has taught them to understand God; she has filled them with the idea of duty and of sacrifice. She has furnished their minds with more philosophical ideas than will enter there during

the rest of their lives. Yet she is anything but a philosopher herself. You would greatly astonish her, or make her think you were laughing at her, if you showed her a list of all the ideas she has imparted to her children, the advice she has lavished upon them, the sentiments she has implanted in their young minds, which will remain until they breathe their last sigh. Yes, this woman, this ignorant woman, has taught all that. She has unconsciously been more eloquent than the most eloquent. Her son will perhaps be a man of genius; he will receive lessons from the most learned savants; the most virtuous of men will take endless pains to teach him wisdom; and yet when he has arrived at man's estate, when his genius has borne the finest fruit, when he has become possessed of the most precious discoveries of human intelligence, its most marvellous treasures, all that is highest, wisest, and strongest, everything which will cause him joy in prosperity and consolation in misfortune, and constitute, in a word, his character, will be the unconscious recollection of maternal teaching. Such is family life as God intended it.

What shall we say of society? Has woman always and everywhere occupied the position assigned to her by God? Did she occupy it in ancient society where she was treated as an inferior being? Does she occupy it in the East where the strict separation of the sexes is an absolute religious precept? Christianity alone has given to the mother her might and her majesty. All the moral progress realised by Christianity has been due to woman's influence in home life.

Our century has witnessed the introduction of steam, which has effected a revolution in industry. Steam has changed all the methods of labour; it has increased a hundredfold the number of manufactured products; it has annihilated distance; and yet all these miracles amount to nothing. The greatest of its miracles but the most disastrous is to have again separated man from woman by enlisting both in its service. Ever since the discovery has been made that women can attend to machines as well as men, and cheaper, women have ceased to be wives and mothers; they have become operatives, mere "hands"; their moral value no longer counts, only their physical value.

The consequences of this change, which are not yet fully developed, are an increase of brutality among men, and a more general tendency to drink and vice: among women the suppression of all natural sentiment, and, in consequence, unhappiness, and the neglect of their children, deprived thus of physical care, moral education, and maternal influence. The religious feeling, transmitted and kept up by women, is destined to diminish year by year and finally to disappear.

What we ask is a very simple reform in factory regulations which would permit a woman to clean her modest room, to make the beds, to prepare the dinner, to attend to the clothes, to see her children in broad daylight, to assure herself of the progress of their education, and, by her mere presence, prepare their hearts to love goodness. To ask this is to ask society to protect itself against the greatest danger it has incurred for many centuries.

Let it not be said that we are proposing to diminish the already insufficient wages paid to women. The mother of a family can do in an hour as much work as a servant would do in a day. The money value of that work, estimated according to the method of Le Play, is higher than the factory wages. The family would thus be better off by this deduction of an hour from the day's pay.

At Eberfeld, the wives of the manufacturers have established an interesting institution. Each of them takes a factory girl for a year and teaches her the work of a servant. These poor girls knew how to join on, to card, to comb, but could not light a fire or thread a needle. Now they can marry. Having learnt how to be servants, they have learnt how to manage a house. Before a young girl thinks of marriage she must pass through this course of instruction, this voluntary service, for a year. But what, let me ask, will she do with her household knowledge? Of what use will it be to her to know how to make a stew or to mend a jacket? How will she be able to turn to account the treasures of tenderness and devotion with which God has filled her heart, if she is shut up every day in a factory, from six o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, leaving her children in the gutter for Providence to look after?

JULES SIMON.

II.

THAT working women are often exceedingly ill paid is a fact beginning to be familiar to many persons; but comparatively few are, I think, aware of the very great number of cases in which these low nominal wages are further docked by fines and deductions. Even working men, who are less liable to this tax, are, I think, not fully acquainted either with the extent or the degree to which deductions from the nominal wage prevail in regard to women's work.

In this paper I will quote no instances that have not come under my own notice. These cases come from various parts of London, from the suburbs, and from the provinces, and not one of them has been sought out for the purposes of this article. I have no reason to suppose that these examples by any means exhaust the varieties of deduction existing; some employers are very inventive, and most work-women are sadly submissive. Deductions sometimes amount to a considerable proportion of the total nominal wage; I have before me one instance in which it was reduced by one-third, and two in which it was reduced by more than one-fourth.

Fines and deductions are of several classes. There are those in which the worker is obliged to provide a part of the employer's stock-in-trade, or to cover a part of the trade expenses; those in which the worker compulsorily pays for some real or supposed advantage; those in which the worker is made to pay for some real or supposed loss caused by his or her own fault; and finally, those in which fines are inflicted by way of punishment.

Deductions in which the worker provides a part of the employer's stock-in-trade or covers a part of the trade expenses. This is perhaps the largest class of deductions, and one to which I have observed that employers are particularly averse to having attention called. Of this kind are charges for cotton, silk, or "trimmings." Hundreds of women provide out of a very low nominal wage the cotton or

silk which are as much essential parts of the garment manufactured by them as the calico or the cloth. In a great proportion of cases they are compelled to buy them from their employer. I have never met with an instance of an employer who sold these various goods to his women at wholesale prices, but I know one at least in which the retail price charged is higher than the retail price in the neighbouring shops. That is to say, this employer not only establishes a monopoly market in which he reaps the retailer's profit, but he also uses his monopoly to exact a fancy price. When we reflect that the cotton thus bought goes into his own goods and is, in that form, sold a second time to the general public, we perceive how profitable is the method. All this may be quite in accordance with the rules of the commercial game; but, as I said before, employers are not fond of admitting these facts—are apt to maintain, for instance, that machine needles cannot be bought for less than the shilling a dozen which they charge, and so forth. To me, I confess, it remains, in spite of all knowledge of "the custom of the trade," as strange that the worker should contribute the materials with which the employer's goods are sewn together as the materials from which they are cut, both being equally essential parts of his stock-in-trade. Perhaps with time and competition this anomaly will disappear and the workers will find the cloth too. Of course all this is merely a method of paying below the nominal wage, and if the nominal wage were higher than the average, workers might not be the worse off for the existence of these deductions. Observation, however, leads me to think that deductions prevail most largely in factories where the nominal wage is already low. Here are some figures which I myself copied from the wage books (stamped with the firm's imprint) belonging to workers in a certain provincial firm. These women were skilled machinists, producing articles of clothing and paid by the piece. Their books showed the amount of work completed, and in all cases represented steady work for a large number of hours in the week. They represent payment for full, not slack weeks. The date was the spring of 1890. I give the wages of three women, out of fourteen or fifteen, during three consecutive weeks. A received the highest and B the lowest amounts in any of the books I saw.

		s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.
A	Nominal wage ...	9	8½	...	8	0	...	10	2½
	Deductions ...	1	4	...	0	9½	..	1	6
	Wage received ...	8	4½		7	2½		8	8½
B	Nominal wage ...	5	3½	....	5	3	...	5	5
	Deductions ...	1	4	...	1	9	...	1	9
	Wage received ...	3	11		3	5		3	8
C	Nominal wage ...	9	2½	...	8	6	...	8	4
	Deductions ...	2	2	...	1	7	...	1	11
	Wage received ...	7	0½		6	11		6	5

I cannot say precisely what these deductions represent, for there were other deductions (for cleaning and for hot water) prevalent in the factory, but the greatest part of them stands for materials—cotton and machine needles. Machine needles may, perhaps, be reckoned as tools, although when the machine belongs to the employer and is used in his factory, a certain allowance of breakage of needles would seem, to the ordinary mind, a part of the natural trade expenses. Some employers go farther than this, and require their workers to pay hire for the sewing machines used in the factory. I have never heard, however, of an instance in which the machine thus paid for eventually became the worker's property. In other cases the machinists are made to pay a certain charge every week for steam power, although I cannot learn that in any such instance the piece-work rate has failed to be reduced on the introduction of steam. In some instances the rent of the factory is partly—or perhaps, indeed, wholly—provided by a charge upon the workers, who pay so much a week for their place in the work-room. I have heard (from more than one informant) of a woman who used to charge her women two shillings a week as the rent of their share of her work-room; the alternative of working elsewhere was not allowed them. I believe this woman is, however, no longer in business. Cleaning as well as rent is sometimes met in the same way, by a weekly charge of twopence or threepence for cleaning

the work-room. I am assured that one ingenious employer pays a man fifteen shillings a week for performing this duty in addition to others, while the payments made by the women amount to thirty shillings a week. In a certain provincial town, in a factory which I visited, there was no apparent method of lighting. I was informed that in the winter the women brought their own candles. A local competitor, more acute, provides gas, and charges each girl threepence a week throughout the dark seasons, at which rate, according to his fellow-townsmen, he must make a profit on his gas bill. Fancy boxmakers working in factories generally have to provide glue, and sometimes to pay for the gas over which it is heated. Match-box makers—who, however, are home workers—invariably provide the necessary paste.

It would probably be said, in defence of the provision of cotton, &c., that the women would be apt to waste or perhaps to steal it. But it is perfectly easy to estimate the required quantity, and any one who exceeded the allowance would have to provide what more was needed. This is in fact done in the case of army embroiderers, to whom a certain allowance of gold and silver thread, &c., is supplied.

Much akin to these deductions are those prevailing in the refreshment trade. In some restaurants and refreshment rooms the young women are made to pay for all breakages, whether their own or those of customers. I have known girls subject to this deduction who complained that they got no statement of how the deducted amount was made up. That the amount is not trifling was shewn by a correspondence which took place, now more than a year ago, in the papers. A responsible representative of the firm of Spiers, Pond and Co. complained that the amount habitually deducted at Waterloo Station had been overstated, and he himself assigned 1s. 9½d. a week as the average deduction for each assistant. A certain amount of breakage is manifestly incidental to this trade, and the renewal of crockery is one of its natural expenses, just as much as fuel or washing of cloths. It is often made a reproach to schemes of industrial partnership that the employees share the profits without sharing the inevitable losses. This particular form of industrial partnership, in which the employee

takes losses without taking any part in gains, seems to have escaped the economists.

Another variety of charge in this trade is the compulsory provision by waitresses in some tea and coffee shops of aprons, caps, and collars of a particular pattern. This is much as if we should expect our page boy to provide his own jacket and buttons, or our policemen their own uniforms. These articles of costume are a part of the employer's trade, and in Paris are recognised as such, the attendants at the well known Duval Restaurant being, I am assured, provided not only with caps and aprons but also with the neat black gowns which form part of their uniform, all these articles being kept at the place of business,and assumed in the morning and left behind at night. This probably means that the expense of washing the caps and aprons is also borne by the firm which is of course not the case when the wearer provides them.

Deductions in which the worker compulsorily pays for some real or supposed advantage. I know of a factory in which every woman has to pay twopence a week for hot water to make tea, whether she uses any hot water or not. A young woman whom I knew there had paid this tax for six weeks without having once used hot water. Compulsory sick clubs or provident societies belonging to individual firms fall under this head. In a firm which I know every girl has to pay a weekly contribution in proportion to her wages. If she is kept away from work by illness she receives a small weekly allowance and has the right to visit a certain doctor free of charge. If she is away from work from slackness of trade she does not share in these advantages, but when she returns to work her whole subscriptions for the time she has been absent are deducted. That is to say, she has to pay for every week in the year, whether she is in work or out of work, but she only receives an allowance if she happens to be in work. The option of not belonging to the sick club is not allowed.

Deductions made for damage or spoiled work. These, perhaps, are the deductions which give rise to most heartburnings and to that general feeling of grudge which it is so much the interest of an employer to avoid arousing. A certain amount of damage may be considered as occurring in the natural average of accident, and

as forming, therefore, a part of the risks of the trade. Let us take the case of glass or earthenware jars to be filled with boiling preserve. Out of every few hundreds some one or two will be sure to crack. The breakage will probably come to light under the hands of the girl who washes the jar and sticks on the label, and in some factories she is made responsible for it. There may be doubts as to the justice of this, but there can, I should think, be none at all as to the justice of charging her the full selling price for a six-pound jar from which the bits of glass were afterwards picked out, and the preserve reboiled and sold. Yet this has assuredly happened once, and probably happens frequently, in many more factories than I am acquainted with. Weavers—both men and women—whom I have known have been fined (heavily in proportion to their wages though I have not a note of the precise figures) for "thin places" in a piece of cloth, which has afterwards been sold at full price to the customer. It is clear that in such a transaction either the weaver or the customer must necessarily be cheated, and that possibly both may be, the weaver by being fined for more damage than was really caused, and the customer by being charged as if there were no damage at all.

The line is a fine one between deductions for spoiled goods—which are or should be in the nature of repayment for loss to the employer—and deductions which are in the nature of punishments.

Unpunctuality on the part of work people is no doubt often a cause of serious loss to employers, and women are, I fear, the greatest defaulters in this respect ; but when an employer deducts for loss of time at a much higher rate per hour than that of his ordinarily paid wages, he seems to me to be confessing that his ordinary pay is below the value of the work done for him. I have known instances in which employers who paid a penny for an hour's overwork deducted threepence for an hour's absence from work. I have also known cases in which piece-workers were fined for coming late, although the time lost was at their own expense, not their master's. A piece-worker of my acquaintance has wage books which show that in about two years she was fined, in one factory, close upon £6, the greater part of which was for coming late in the

morning. Her trade is an excessively irregular one ; it often happens that the workers sit idle half or nearly all a day, and then have to work late at newly arrived orders. They are fined if they do not come punctually ; they are paid nothing for the time which they have to spend waiting in the work-room; and they are paid at no extra rate for the work done late.

Of deductions in which the worker provides part of the working expenses it may be said that they are a method, always irritating and generally uncandid, of bringing wages below the average rate. The nominal wages in the cases that I have quoted were generally already low. Workers who occupy that post of vantage in the labour market which is indicated by the receipt of high wages will not submit to deductions. Nay, I know an instance in which one solitary time-worker refused during the whole period of her employment in a certain factory to pay a deduction of threepence a week for room-cleaning which was paid by every other woman in the room. "No," said she, when her first week's wage was offered to her, minus threepence, "you engaged me at such and such wages and I am not going to take threepence less." And her wage without deduction was paid her thenceforward. She was, however, in receipt of better wages than most of her comrades, and I do not doubt was a worker who could not easily be replaced.

Deductions in which the worker pays compulsorily for some advantage, real or supposed, are, as far as I have been able to observe, almost always unpopular. It is rare indeed that the worker does not believe that these deductions really tend to the profit of the employer. For myself, if I were an employer, I would not wish to occupy so questionable a position, and should be especially careful not to force upon my employees their participation in my sick club or my supply of hot water. Of fines in repayment of carelessness I will only say that they should not be in excess of the loss actually caused. Accidents and careless work should not be a source of revenue to employers, as at present is sometimes the case.

Fines imposed by way of punishment stand in a different position. The alternative is discharge. The question as to which is the better and juster form of penalty—fines on all transgressors

alike or dismissal of inveterate transgressors—is one on which opinion is divided among workers and employers alike. The higher the class of worker, however, the more marked becomes the objection to fines. In regard to employers I will quote two instances which came under my notice within a space of two or three days. In the first case, as I quote from the firm's own pamphlet, I may fairly give the name. Messrs. Barratt and Co., wholesale confectioners of Wood Green, when their workers were on strike (against fines among other things), issued a paper which contains these words: "The firm is obliged to make rules and certain fines or the works would be worse than a public-house taproom." While the strike was still in progress, I visited another suburban factory where the work is of much the same nature. The name of this second firm stands perhaps higher than any in England in regard to wages and conditions, and the factory is in every respect the best which I have ever seen. I asked one of the partners how they enforced discipline, and whether there were fines. He replied with some indignation, "If I could not run a factory without fines I would not run one at all." I asked what was done when the girls came late, and received the answer which I expected: "They never do." Employers whose workers feel themselves justly and considerately treated are apt to fulfil their part of the contract justly—or even more than justly— without the need of fines or penalties.

With women and girl workers, at any rate, nothing pays better than generous and considerate dealing; while on the other hand, most female workers, if they believe that the utmost possible advantage is being taken of them, will put themselves to a good deal of trouble to "take it out" of the employer in return. I have invariably found that the existence to any great extent of punitive fines is a pretty sure sign of an ill-managed factory and an ill-mannered set of workers. This roughness and want of discipline will be alleged by the employer as the reason why fines are necessary, whereas the fines are, I firmly believe, only concomitant signs of a bad system of management. Fines are not only—as they certainly are—irritating and provocative of resentful, grudging feelings; they are also ineffectual, and of necessity often unjust, as well as de-

moralising and humiliating. They are ineffectual and demoralising, because a worker who has to pay in coin for coming five minutes late soon loses her sense of the duty of punctuality. "I have a right," she says (I have heard it said myself), "to be late if I pay for it." The custom of deducting a full half-hour or hour when she is five or ten minutes late distinctly tends to further loss of time. The worker who knows she will have to pay for half an hour's or an hour's loss of time, whether she goes into the factory or remains out, naturally remains out for the full time, and so aggravates her habits of unpunctuality. It would be far more wholesome for her to know that frequently repeated unpunctuality would bring dismissal. The object should not be to punish lateness but to prevent it. Fines are of necessity often unjust, because where their existence is a rule the rule must be enforced invariably. You must fine the girl whose train breaks down, or her whose omnibus is delayed in a block, no less than her who habitually starts too late. Dismissal, on the other hand, an extreme and rare measure, need never be resorted to except in cases of habitual unpunctuality, and after warning. Lastly, fines are humiliating to the workers because they mark a difference of class and could not possibly continue to exist if the master regarded his workers as his social equals. Let any reader imagine himself deducting sixpences for unpunctual attendance from his monthly or quarterly cheque to his children's visiting governess, or subtracting shillings from his doctor's fees because he had not arrived promptly when summoned.

These notes are but a sample of the fines and deductions existing in all sorts of trades where women are employed. I am convinced that petty deductions are not in the largest sense profitable to the employer; but I fear it will be a long time yet before the class of employers who deal in them come to perceive this truth. I should, for my own part, like to see many of them declared unlawful—not so much because law is really operative in these matters (for it is not operative unless it has an active trade union to set it going) as because declared unlawfulness has so stimulating an effect upon public conscience. The real remedy lies in public opinion, and the first step towards awakening that opinion is to publish the facts as widely as possible.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

TRAINING: ITS BEARING ON HEALTH.

No. I.

FROM Exercise we pass naturally to Training. If the former keeps the physiological instrument in tune, the latter raises it to the athletic concert-pitch. Training is, in fact, the higher education of the body whereby not only the muscles (which supply the movements) but the great vital motors which govern them—especially the heart and the lungs—are developed to the highest attainable perfection and drilled to harmonious co-operation with each other.

As there are two kinds of intellectual education—the general, which aims at developing the mental powers all round, and the technical, which fits them for exercise in a special direction—so the body may be trained for general efficiency, or for the performance of a particular feat. In the former case the object aimed at is to increase the working power of the muscles and to make the lungs and heart capable of adapting themselves readily to conditions of sudden and prolonged strain to which, under ordinary circumstances, they are not subjected—in short, to improve "muscle," "wind," and "staying power." These are the elements which make up what is known in sporting language as "condition," the essential feature of which is not so much mere strength as the power of resisting fatigue. When a man is out of condition his muscles are flabby and overgrown with fat (a physiological weed which flourishes rankly when the garden of the body is left uncultivated), his lungs do not expand to their full capacity, and the nervous centres which control the locomotive apparatus are dull in perception and sluggish in response. The machinery, in fact, is rusty and out of gear from want of use. A man out of training may be able to meet any

sudden call on his muscular resources, but he will not be equal to any prolonged exertion. Even in short efforts he has to expend a disproportionate amount of energy in accomplishing what a man in training can do "without turning a hair."

While general training makes the body capable of bearing severe and protracted exercise, special training aims at developing particular groups of muscles, or at giving the power to use the whole strength and weight of the body to the best advantage for a definite purpose, as, for instance, in running, wrestling, rowing, or, again, in fencing and various gymnastic feats, which may be called the fine arts of muscular exercise. General training, in short, supplies a basis of "condition" on which special training rears its superstructure of "form," or whatever else the wise call it; in a word, the former gives strength, the latter skill. That special training by itself does not suffice to fit a man for the performance of a particular feat is shown by experience, which is the only trustworthy guide in such matters. It is generally acknowledged by oarsmen that constant practice in rowing without any other kind of exercise is about the worst possible preparation for a boat-race. Frequent handling of the oars will give finish of style, but it will not give the stamina required for the excitement and struggle of a race.

In discussing the details of training, I must again remind the reader that I speak as a doctor and not as an athletic oracle; it is, therefore, their bearing on the maintenance of the health that I am chiefly concerned with. From this point of view it will be convenient, in the first place, to consider the general effects of training. A complete system of training must include not only appropriate muscular exercise but the regulation of the diet and a strictly disciplined manner of living. The rules of the art, however they may differ in particular points, are all framed with the view of attaining the following objects: First, the removal of superfluous "flesh," or, in plain language, fat; secondly, increase in size and "betterment" in the quality of the muscles; and thirdly, increase of resistance to fatigue, or "staying power." The ground has first of all to be cleared of rubbish, then muscle must be built up, and, lastly, stability must be given to the structure.

The first effect of training is, therefore, to reduce the weight.

Sometimes this takes place very rapidly. Dr. R. J. Lee, who has written a valuable little book on the subject,* states that a friend of his who was suddenly called upon to take an oar in the Cambridge University boat shortly before the crew came up to Putney, lost a stone in weight in two days—seven pounds each day. The process of reduction is carried out partly by the skin and partly by the lungs. By the increased activity of the former the "too, too solid flesh" literally melts, thaws, and resolves itself into a dew in the form of perspiration, while the ampler draughts of air taken in by the lungs, figuratively speaking, fan the flame of oxidation in which the fat is burnt up. The war against the "flesh" should not, however, be carried on too ruthlessly, or dangerous exhaustion may result. Individual differences of organisation must be taken into account, for there are men whose soundness seems to depend to a certain extent on their fat, as Samson's strength did on his hair; under intelligent training they may make serviceable athletes, but if reduced too far or too fast they "go to pieces."

Reduction in weight is effected by exercise assisted by diet—in fact, by the opposite treatment to that adopted in fattening cattle. The formation of fat is prevented by cutting off the supply of foods which tend to produce it; that is to say, those substances which contain a large proportion of sugar or starch, of which potatoes and pastry may be mentioned as typical examples. Under this *régime* those who resemble Hamlet in being "fat and scant of breath" may in a short time lose their convexity of waist and be able to rival the hero of *The Lady of the Lake*, of whom we are told that

> "Right up Ben Lomond would he press,
> Yet not a sigh his toil confess."

In treating of exercise I referred to the development of muscle, which is the result of frequent and systematic use. Of course each muscle has its own limits of growth beyond which it can no more increase than a man can by thinking add a cubit to his stature. But it is not merely the size of the muscle that is augmented; the firmness of its substance, the contractility of its fibre, its freedom

* *Exercise and Training: Their Effects upon Health.* (Smith, Elder and Co., London, 1873, p. 35.)

from the encumbrance of superfluous fat either on its surface or between the fleshy strands, its alertness and precision in answering the lightest prick of the spur or touch of the rein applied by the will, in short, its whole structure and constitution are improved, and its power of effective work magnified tenfold. It is to this improved quality of the muscles that the feeling of "corkiness," which is the surest sign of good "condition," is due; and the clearness of the skin, which is another effect of training, is the result of the increased activity of the glands of the skin and other organs engaged in the removal of waste matters alluded to in a previous article.

The most important effect of training, however, is the development of "staying power." In considering the nature of this quality muscular fatigue must be distinguished fron general exhaustion. The former may be experienced apart from the latter after working certain sets of muscles too long or too violently, as in holding a heavy weight out at arm's length. The fatigue in this case is purely local, and if extreme, is expressed by more or less acute pain in the affected muscles when moved. When a muscle is highly contracted the blood vessels which convey nourishment to it are compressed by the fibres among which they lie. Carlyle quotes a passage from an old Norse Edda about Thor grasping his hammer "till the knuckles grow white." The whiteness here referred to is caused by the absence of blood, which is entirely squeezed out of the part by the strong bending of the joint. This is just what happens in a firmly contracted muscle. The little elastic tubes which convey the blood have their contents pressed out of them; in this way after a time—greater or less according to the person's condition—the muscle is completely emptied of its blood, and as "the blood is the life" loss of vital energy naturally follows. The pain which is felt in tired-out muscles may be explained by the bloodless condition of the nerves which vitalise them; it is, in fact, the cry of these living telegraph wires for fresh blood, to quote an old definition of neuralgia.

If local fatigue is due to deprivation of blood, general fatigue is a consequence of want of breath. When all the muscles of the body or a considerable number of them are in a state of violent contraction, as in struggling, a large mass of blood is retarded in

its passage in the lungs, and an immense strain is thereby thrown on the heart in its endeavours to overcome the impediment. If the heart cannot pump the blood through the lungs fast enough these organs become overloaded, and a partial block in the circulation ensues. Under these circumstances the blood cannot be purified fast enough and distributed to the parts where it is urgently wanted. The situation is, as the politicians say, one of great "tension"—a true physiological crisis which expresses itself to the sufferer's sensations as the "distress," "loss of wind," &c., familiar to athletes out of training. If the crisis were to continue in the acute stage for any length of time, the only solution would be rupture of a blood vessel or stoppage of the heart. Neither of these accidents is, I believe, unknown in human "sporting" annals, but they are much more common among horses which can only protest against being over-ridden by dying. Browning has given a vivid picture of this equine tragedy in "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." First Dirck's horse falls:—

> "One heard the quick wheeze
> Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
> And sunk tail and horrible heave of the flank
> As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank."

Then it is the turn of Ioris's steed:—

> "All in a moment his roan
> Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone."

There is, however, in the organs of the human body a wonderful power of adaptation to circumstances, *if they are given a little time*, and herein lies the grand secret of successful training. *Festina lente* should be the trainer's motto. Exercise must be carefully graduated and should never be protracted to the point of exhaustion. An interval of perfect rest should follow every exertion. I believe some trainers for foot races allow their man to run the whole course at full speed only once during his period of preparation, and they insist that this exertion shall be followed by a whole day's rest.

Rapid recovery from fatigue is a result of training hardly less valuable than staying power, and where training reaches the dignity of high art is in bringing out the whole muscular capabilities of a man without ever allowing the circulatory crisis above described to

become so severe that the organs involved have any difficulty in recovering themselves. Even the best trained athlete feels fatigue after exertion, but a very short time suffices to restore him to his former vigour. A young friend who recently rowed in the University Boat Race informs me that on reaching the winning-post he felt so utterly exhausted that he could scarcely get out of the boat; ten minutes or a quarter of an hour later, however, after a shower bath he felt as fresh as if he had taken no part in the contest. If a man remains exhausted for some hours after violent exercise it is a sure sign that training is being pushed beyond his strength.

The general principles of training underlie the preparation for any kind of athletic exercise. In addition to this each sport has its own special code of training rules built up by the experience of shrewd and keenly interested observers. The details of these I must leave to specialists; I can only touch on a few points in which as a doctor I am particularly interested, and for the sake of convenience I will take rowing as the text of my remarks. There can be no doubt, I think, that much of the harm which used to be laid at the door of rowing was in reality attributable to the injudicious system of training which candidates for aquatic honours had to go through not so very long ago. The rules as regards diet were needlessly Spartan, or, rather, they were more adapted for purely carnivorous animals than for human beings; they caused indigestion and loss of appetite in many cases without any compensating advantages. The boils which used to give rise to so much suffering among crews in training were the direct result of the lowered vitality induced by unsuitable diet. The great truth that in the matter of food hard and fast rules as uncompromising as the laws of the Medes and Persians are unphysiological has at last penetrated the *dura mater* of trainers, and is even beginning to find its way into the medical mind. In some recent essays on food Sir William Roberts, one of our men of light and leading on this subject, arrives at the conclusion that after all the real criterion of the suitability of any particular article of food is to be found in answers to the questions, Do you like it? and Does it agree with you? In fact, the real guide is natural desire tempered by experience. The foregoing remarks refer to the nature of the food taken, but they apply equally to the

quantity. As Rabelais says in speaking of Gargantua's supper, "tant en prenoit que lui estoit de besoing à soy entretenir et nourrir. Ce que est la vraye diete prescrite par l'art de bonne et seure medicine quoy qu'un tas de badaux medecins herselés en l'officine des Arabes conseillent le contraire."

As I have already said, however, there are certain things which must be used very sparingly, if at all, in training. Such things as pastry, rich soups and sauces, oily fish, like herring, mackerel, eels, or salmon,* game, pork, and fat meat generally, potatoes, beetroot, &c., which have a decided tendency to produce fat, and anything, as for example, cheese, which experience may have shown to be difficult of digestion, should be avoided.

Apart, however, from those things which are directly contra-indicated, considerable latitude may with advantage be allowed in respect both of the nature and the amount of food taken.

I am indebted to an Oxford friend for the following details as to the present system of diet adopted by the young University athletes training for the great aquatic event of the year. On getting up at 7.15 a.m., they take a biscuit and a glass of milk, then they go for a *gentle* walk for a mile. Breakfast, at 8.30, consists of tea or cocoa (two cups at the most), sole, or some other kind of fish, chop, with a poached egg on it, and some green food. No marmalade (for which Oxford men, unless they are much belied, have a weakness) is allowed till two weeks before the race. At luncheon they

* Salmon, which is generally looked upon with suspicion by dietetic authorities, is said by some people to be easily digestible if fresh and properly cooked. Dr. Turnbull, of Coldstream, who by judicious regimen reduced himself from 22 stone to 15 stone 7lb. in about fifteen months, says that salmon is seldom properly boiled, except on the banks of the Tweed, or by those who cook in the way practised there. The fish should be "crimped" as soon as possible after being caught; that is to say, it must be split up lengthwise along the back and then cut crosswise into pieces of such a size as to form a suitable portion for each guest. "When the fish is to be cooked, the water in the fish-kettle, to which twice as much as two conjoined hands can lift of salt has previously been added, is brought to the boil, and the pieces of fish put in, arranged upon the drainer just as they are afterwards to be placed upon the dish. The water is again brought fully to the boiling point, and kept so assiduously by the cook for five minutes. At the termination of that period the fish-kettle is removed from the fire, and the fish taken out upon the drainer. If these details are attended to, the salmon will be boiled to perfection, and will be found not only perfectly digestible but possessing a delicacy of flavour not brought out by any other method. To boil salmon whole, as is frequently done, is simply to do an injustice both to the fish and to the person who is to partake of it."—*Edinburgh Med. and Surg. Journal.*

have cold meat with one glass of beer. At dinner, the *menu* includes fish, chicken, turkey, or joint (always some kind of fresh meat), milk pudding, and stewed fruit (rhubarb by preference); two glasses of beer are allowed, and after dinner one orange and a glass of port may be taken. At 10 p.m. they go to bed. This seems to me a very sensible dietary, with plenty of muscle-forming elements in it, but not too carnivorous. I particularly approve of the breakfast which, though of Homeric abundance, and appalling to a person of indifferent digestion, must give a healthy young man a solid basis of support to begin the day on. Jackson, Byron's pugilistic guide, philosopher, and friend, and a famous trainer of prize-fighters, used to begin training on a clear foundation by a little preliminary physicking. He fed his men principally on beef and mutton, the lean of fat meat being preferred; veal, lamb, and pork he rightly held to be less digestible. Fish he thought a "watery kind of diet," suitable for those who wish to sweat themselves down. Stale bread was the only vegetable food allowed. The quantity of fluid permitted was three and a-half pints a day, but fermented liquors were absolutely forbidden. Two full meals with a light supper were usually taken. The amount of exercise was very great, as indeed it had need to have been in order to work off the waste products of so much animal food. The great defect of this system is the proscription of vegetables, and it is only within comparatively recent times that this pernicious superstition has been finally got rid of. I do not, however, suppose that, with the amount of exercise Jackson made his pupils undergo, the want of vegetables did much real harm. The Guachos of South America, who almost pass their lives in the saddle, and who lead a life of constant activity resembling that of a carnivorous animal, scarcely ever taste anything but beef; it should be added, however, that, as Darwin tells us, they do not eat largely even of that. Sir Francis Head relates that for many weeks together, while riding in the Pampas, he ate nothing whatever but beef very roughly cooked, and though at the same time he endured an immense amount of fatigue he never felt exhausted. Great as are the virtues of beefsteak, however, there are many men whom a too carnivorous diet does not suit, and in such cases Nature is a better guide than all the trainers,

and, I may add, than all the physicians in the world. In connection with this subject it cannot be too clearly understood that men can grow into full strength and can maintain the most vigorous physique on any diet from which the food-stuffs necessary for the proper nourishment of the body can be extracted in sufficient quantity. As Dr. Parkes says,* formerly throughout the north of England and Scotland there were successive generations of some of the finest men in the world who lived on oatmeal and milk, and on the opposite side of the globe we find the splendid races of Northern India living on barley, wheat, millet, and rice. "The Roman gladiator trained on barley, and the Roman soldier in campaigns when meat could not be got carried corn, which he ground in handmills, and then boiled in water, and made a strong vegetable soup, something like the old English fermenty. On this food he marched and conquered as no other race has done." In spite of this I do not think that young Englishmen, especially of the class which supplies University oarsmen, would care to train on barley; they will probably think that meat is good enough for them.

It is now, I understand, generally admitted that though it is well to limit the amount of liquid taken during training, it is quite possible for a man to get himself into excellent condition without undergoing the tortures of unsatisfied thirst. In this respect, also, the Oxford system is in harmony with the principles of physiology and the dictates of common-sense. There can be no harm in a glass or two of sound ale or a little light wine such as hock or claret at dinner. The glass of port afterwards I confess I think unnecessary as long as the training process is well borne. If, however, a man shows any sign of falling into the state known as "over-trained," that is to say, when the reducing process is too rapid or too severe, a little port or dry champagne at meals may be found beneficial. Spirits should be strictly abstained from, as they tend to prevent the elimination of carbonic acid. Excessive drinking of water, or of gaseous mineral waters, should on no account be indulged in, but I do not think that any harm can be done by drinking a moderate amount of water immediately after

* *The Personal Care of Health*, p. 19.

exercise. Although this is contrary to the general view, physicians and physiologists have for some time recognised its truth. The fallacy is still, unfortunately, acted on in dealing with horses, the poor beasts being often driven quickly in hot weather without being allowed even a mouthful of water. In India, where the natives are devoted to their horses, water without stint is allowed, and this is also true of the Cape of Good Hope, and no evil results have, so far as I know, been seen to ensue.

The solace of an occasional pipe or cigar would probably not be hurtful, but trainers are unanimous in forbidding tobacco in any form. The cause of their attitude in this matter is no doubt the fear that moderation might lead to excess; and, convinced as I am of the deplorable effects of over-indulgence in smoking on steadiness and precision of muscular movement, I cannot say that I feel surprised at the apprehensions of trainers.

With respect to clothing there is nothing particular to say, except that belts and all supports of the kind should if possible be dispensed with; surgeons are almost unanimous in condemning them as having a tendency indirectly to cause rupture. The clothing should be loose especially about the chest and abdomen, and anything that compresses the diaphragm (lower part of the ribs) is a distinct hindrance to active exercise. The American cowboy, I believe, controls his bucking horse by cording tightly with a girth the abdominal muscles over the expanding flanks, thus limiting the action of the diaphragm and making great leaps impossible. This I imagine "Buck Taylor" and his comrades do by the light of nature, but if they had been professors of anatomy and riding combined they could not have hit on a more effective device.

With regard to sleep I thoroughly agree with Dr. Lee that the duration of it "must be left entirely to the demands of the system and should not be interrupted, however long it may continue." There is, perhaps, no surer sign of health than the capacity of sleeping soundly for several hours on end. It is not only the ravelled sleeve of care that is knit up by sleep, but the worn tissues have time to recover themselves, and on waking the system is like a watch that has been wound up. It is not so much the quantity of

sleep that is important as the quality; and if there is a certain amount of truth in the old saying that one hour before midnight is worth two after, it is because in healthy persons the first sleep is usually sounder than any that follows. An excellent sign of good "condition" is complete recuperation after short sleep, that is to say, the power of waking refreshed after six or even five hours of good sleep. This shows that the system easily recovers itself after fatigue, and this is one of the physical characteristics that most help to prolong life. Among a number of centenarians mentioned by Sir George Humphry, this quality of being fully refreshed by comparatively short sleep was present in a very large proportion. On the other hand, there is no surer sign of overwork than disturbed sleep, and this symptom in a man under training should always be looked on with suspicion.

Coming next to exercise during training, though the subject is not one on which I can speak with special authority, I would, on general principles, deprecate rigid uniformity in this not less than in diet. The exercises should be as far as possible adapted to the individual, and it is very important that they should be varied in character. Thus, if running a certain distance before breakfast "takes too much out of" a man, let walking be substituted; in no case should the exercise be at all violent or prolonged before the morning meal. The exercise during the day should consist in short spells of gymnastic practice, or games such as fives, or swimming, besides the particular exercise required by the contest for which the man is being trained; but, as already said, in no case should exercise of any kind be pushed to the point of exhaustion. A good part of each day should be spent in physical repose (I do not mean sleep), and it is a good plan to allow a day of relaxation from time to time. One thing which I consider very important is that the mind should also be as far as possible at rest, while the body is undergoing training.

In regard to rowing in particular, the Oxford plan seems well adapted for its purpose. For the sake of variety the practice takes place in three different localities, first at Oxford, then at Cookham, or some place farther down the river than Oxford, and lastly at Putney. At Oxford the programme consists of a long row in the

afternoon, six or seven miles down the river and back; occasionally, however, a trot home is substituted for the return journey. While at Cookham the crew go out for a morning row at eleven; this consists of a short spin and "tubbing." In the afternoon there is a long row, the crew getting back in time for dinner. They often go out for a stroll at nine, apparently more with the view of keeping themselves awake than by way of exercise. At Putney everything is much the same as at Cookham. If the men are a little stale, however, or "off their feed," instead of the afternoon row they go for a ride. The training lasts some six or seven weeks. As my Oxonian informant points out, the old ideas of absolute rigidity in training are now quite obsolete as regards exercise not less than diet, and, what is of special importance, much more attention is paid to the requirements of individual cases than formerly. The young oarsman whom I have already quoted tells me that he never felt so well in his life as during the six weeks before the race; he felt, as he expresses it, as if he had no body at all! With regard to Cambridge I have no such details as those I have obtained from Oxford, but I had occasion a few years ago to collect a considerable amount of information on this subject from the various colleges, and I was struck by the same wholesome elasticity in their rules which is so conspicuous in those of Oxford.

To sum up, the effects of training are increased size, firmness, and contractility of muscle, a peculiar feeling of freedom and lightness of the limbs, and especially the power of enduring severe and prolonged exertion without exhaustion, and of recovering rapidly from fatigue. The skin becomes clear and does not "bruise" easily; wounds heal quickly, and the effects of injury disappear with marvellous rapidity. All this shows that the body is at its maximum of health. But the effects of training are not confined to the body; the mind shares in the general well-being of the economy and gains in clearness and vigour. As Falstaff said of sherris-sack, training "ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it"; the condition, in short, is an ideal one of *mens sana in corpore sano.*

MORELL MACKENZIE.

RUSSIA UNDER ALEXANDER III.

THE recent barbarous proceedings against the Russian Jews, and the failure of the last Conversion Loan, have again called general attention to the state of the great Eastern Empire, and therefore it may be worth while to point out briefly what is its real condition.

After the death of Alexander I., Prince Metternich wrote (*Memoirs*, IV., p. 267): "Russia resembles a festival room on the morning after the feast; what seemed to be in the evening before solid and lasting now appears as coarse canvas, false diamonds, and worthless decoration. The Russia of old no more exists, Nicolas is called to create a new one, and my sincere wishes accompany him in this great and noble enterprise." Metternich's judgment on Russia was right, but he was mistaken in his opinion of the new sovereign. He believed him peacefully inclined, yet the Czar's foreign policy was one of constant aggression. In Russia herself he re-established order, after crushing the insurrection which broke out at his brother's death, by the harshest despotism. He was a man of very narrow intelligence and culture, but brave and simple-minded, and he had the advantage of believing in himself and his divine vocation. Although not a great man, in reality he exercised a paramount influence in European affairs, and, favoured by fortune, acquired a powerful position, until, carried away by the feeling of his infallible omnipotence, he drifted into the Crimean war, the results of which broke his proud heart.

The dead pall which during his long reign covered Russia, and stifled every intellectual movement, was lifted by his successor, and a series of apparently hopeful reforms began with the abolition of serfdom, the introduction of local self-government, trial by jury,

&c. But the condition of Russia is not that of Western countries; the people were not ripe for the hastily enacted change, which, in fact, had the result of giving free scope to the wild temper of the great majority, which had been kept under by despotism, but had never been subdued. There were no materials for building up free institutions; the masses of the peasants were entirely ignorant, and only made use of their new-gained liberty to plunge into dissipation and idleness; the aristocracy, the merchants and tradesmen were completely lost to all sense of honesty and honour, the corruption in the army and in the Civil Service was terrible, the Orthodox Church was without any moral influence: in short, the governing classes were utterly bad; the governed, who form nine-tenths of the nation, reduced to virtual starvation. With all this the Government followed constantly an aggressive foreign policy: according to Stepniak* it was forced to do so, in order to acquire new external markets; for the people, by their poverty, were excluded from becoming buyers, and the Government were obliged to procure other outlets for the produce of the country. Russian manufacturers were unable to compete with foreign producers even in Asiatic markets, and the Government tried to supplement by force of arms the deficiency in industrial skill.

This may be so, but the result is in any case the same, viz., constant conquest, and Stepniak himself admits that "all the support that Moscow industry can have from the opening of Central Asian markets—such as the Khanates, Penjdeh, and even Herat—is very limited," and it was certainly not for acquiring new markets that Russia was driven into the war against Turkey in 1877. The fact is that the Government by this policy sought to divert the population from the unsatisfactory internal condition, but the result has not answered the expectation, for it was the Turkish war which laid open the gangrene of official peculation, and what was gained by the Treaty of Berlin did not at all compensate for the enormous sacrifices which Russia had to bear. Revolts broke out which had to be crushed with much bloodshed, conflagrations devastated whole quarters of cities, the impoverished nobility was

* *The Russian Storm Cloud, or, Russia in Her Relations to Neighbouring Countries.* 1886.

in a state of latent mutiny, Nihilism became rampant even in the higher classes, as was shown by the attempts against the life of high officials and the Czar himself, and the juries acquitted criminals who frankly avowed their guilt, like Vera Sassulitch.

It was in this state of internal anarchy and blighted hopes of reform that Alexander III. grew up. Until his twentieth year he had no prospect of ascending the throne, and was educated exclusively as a soldier, without any preparation for his future vocation. But the events passing under his eyes could not fail to make a deep impression upon him, and when, by the death of his elder brother, he became heir-apparent, it was but natural that the dissatisfied tried to gain him for their ideas. Moreover, the man who was charged to initiate the young Grand Duke into Russian policy, Podobenoszew (of whom we shall have to say more presently), was a convinced adherent of autocracy and orthodoxy as the only solid foundations of the Russian commonwealth, and the energy with which he preached this doctrine to his pupil, so different from the flickering uncertainty of official statesmen wavering between liberalism and loyalism, could not fail to make a lasting impression upon the Grand Duke. The disillusions brought on by the Turkish war pushed him still more into opposition against the reigning system. He knew better than anyone that the accusations of peculation directed against the Commander-in-Chief, his uncle Nicolas, were well founded, and he was indignant that the legal process taken against the fraudulent firms that had cheated the soldiers of their victuals should be stopped because those firms threatened to unmask their superiors. He keenly felt the disasters of the improvident attack against Plevna, where the Russian army was only saved from utter destruction by the Roumanians, and he was disgusted with the inactivity of his father, who remained at Gorny-Studen for weeks with his mistress, Princess Dolgorouki. He did his military duty bravely, but failed in his endeavour to establish a committee of inquiry into the faults committed, and for handing over the leadership of the operations to more competent generals. So he returned to St. Petersburg in a pessimist humour, which was not removed when the Congress of Berlin tore up the Treaty of San Stefano, followed,

as it was, by a series of Nihilist attempts, which brought a panic upon the Court, the capital, and the provinces.

Even a strong and well-balanced mind might have been shaken by such experiences, but the Grand Duke—excluded from all practical participation in the business of the State which was to form the task of his future life, exposed to the disintegrating influences of various parties, and without confidential relations with his father,—was wavering, and distrusted his own forces. The system followed by his grandfather having broken down, and the opposite one which Alexander II. had initiated seeming destined to a similar fate, what was he to do in this chaos of conflicting views and interests? It was in this condition that he was unexpectedly called to the throne by the catastrophe of March 13th, 1881.

According to an apparently authentic report in the Cracow paper *Czas*,* confirmed by later publications, the Emperor Alexander II. had signed the very morning of the day on which he was murdered a Ukase addressed to the Senate, by which a committee was to be appointed for realising Count Loris Melikow's project of a general representative assembly composed of delegates from the provincial assemblies. On March 20th Alexander III. convoked a grand council of the principal dignitaries, asking their opinion on Loris Melikow's proposal. A lively discussion took place, of which the *Czas* gives a detailed account, the result being that, besides the author, Count Adlerberg, Miljutin, Walujew, Abasa, Giers, Nabokow, Saburow, and Solski voted for the measure, while Prince Lieven, Count Stoganow, Makow, Possiet, and, above all, Podobenoszew voted against it. The Emperor, thanking the members, said that the majority had declared for the convening of an assembly elected by the nation for discussing the affairs of the State, adding, "I share this opinion of the majority, and wish that the reform Ukase shall be published as under the patronage of my father, to whom the initiative of this reform is due." The Ukase, however, was not published, Podobenoszew and Ignatiew having succeeded in discrediting it in the

*Extract of the unpublished reminiscences of a former Minister.

eyes of the Czar, asserting that it would only create excitement and increase the existing fermentation. On May 13th a manifesto appeared, in which the Czar declared his will "to keep firmly the reins in obedience to the voice of God, and, in the belief in the force and truth of autocratic power, to fortify that power and to guard it against all encroachments." A few days later Count Ignatiew, the head of the Slavophil party, was appointed Minister of the Interior, and by-and-bye the other more liberal Ministers of Alexander II. disappeared.

By far the most important personage under the present Government is Podobenoszew, High Procurator of the Holy Synod, an office equivalent to a Minister of Public Worship for the State Church. Laborious and of unblemished integrity, this man is a fanatic by conviction. Under Alexander II., who was too much of a European to like him, he had but a secondary position, but under his pupil, the present Emperor, he has become all-powerful, the more so because his orthodoxy wears the national garb, and he insists that the break-down of the Nicolas I. system was only caused through governing with Ministers of German origin. He is seconded by Count Tolstoi, the Minister of Internal Affairs (who replaced the more liberal Saburow),* to whom belong the questions concerning the foreign, *i.e.*, non-orthodox, confessions. These two, supported by the Minister of Justice, Manassein, have enacted persecutions against Catholics, Uniates, Protestants, and Jews, which seem incredible in our age, but which are well attested. Thousands of persons who have committed no wrong other than that of being faithful to their inherited creed have been driven from their homes, and exiled to Siberia, or to distant regions without any means of livelihood. As regards Catholics, these measures are principally directed against the clergy; but the Uniates, *i.e.*, the Catholics who have the Slav liturgy, are unsparingly deported if they refuse to have their children baptised by an orthodox Pope, and this is done with men, women, and children, peasants and merchants. Twenty thousand Uniates alone have been removed from the western provinces to

* Ignatiew's successor.

Szaratow. Those who remain at home have Cossacks quartered upon them, and all sorts of compulsory means are used to stamp out this sect. A heartrending story of this persecution is told in an article of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (August 1st, 1889), "Simple Récit par Madame Marguerite Porodowska," which is evidently taken from life. In the Baltic provinces the German language is suppressed as much as possible, their institutions are destroyed under the shallow pretext of drawing the population nearer to the great Russian family, and the same process has been begun against Finland; while the Catholic priests are forbidden to use the Polish language in their service. The Press is fettered, the foreign creeds are insulted and calumniated, and not permitted to answer the false charges made against them; apostacy from the ruling Church is visited by criminal punishment, but the orthodox propaganda is favoured by every means. Strange to say, in face of such proceedings, there is a single exception allowed *de facto*—the propaganda of Islam, which on the southern Volga makes thousands of converts, so that in those eparchies there are many more mosques than Christian churches. Tracts of the most aggressive character against Christianity are freely circulated, and the Russian authorities, who in the West and South persecute all who do not bow to orthodoxy, here allow the Mollahs to do as they like.

It is pretty certain that Alexander III. is ignorant of the atrocities committed in his name, for he is not a man to sanction deliberate injustice or to tolerate persons of manifest impurity in important offices. Though the Czar insists upon having personally honest Ministers, mere honesty is not sufficient for governing a great empire. Truth does not penetrate to the ear of the autocrat; the Russian Press does not reflect public opinion with its currents, but is simply the speaking-tube of the reigning coterie, which has suppressed all papers opposed to it, while the foreign Press is only allowed to enter mutilated by the censorship. Some people have, indeed, the privilege to read foreign papers in their original shape, but the Autocrat of All the Russias does not belong to them. His reading is, on the contrary, subjected, by the persons who surround him, to careful selection, and if there is anything disadvantageous to Russia in the papers he is allowed to read it is ex-

plained away as the outcome of hatred and calumny against his dominion. It is said that he was greatly astonished when, on his late visit to Copenhagen, his mother-in-law, the Queen of Denmark, put into his hands Pastor Dalton's *Open Letter to Podobenoszew*, in which this patriotic clergyman exposed the frauds and violences committed against the Protestants of the Baltic provinces, and that he sent an order to the Procurator to justify himself in face of these accusations. But nothing has been heard of that gentleman's answer, who remains in power and continues to act as before, casting down every opposition to his system by the assertion that autocracy can only be upheld by orthodoxy and nationality.

It is the same with Russia's foreign policy. The Emperor is peaceful and will not hear of war: he has, in fact, submitted to many humiliations arising from Russia's conduct towards Bulgaria, where Stambuloff always had the best of it, rather than provoke a conflict. He accepts the cajoleries of the French Republicans and sends the Star of St. Andreas to President Carnot, but as soon as French diplomatists propose a real alliance, which may lead to war, they are met by a fierce rebuff from the Czar, as lately happened to M. de Laboulaye, who in consequence has to leave his embassy in dismay. With all this, however, he is surrounded by Panslavists and allows them to carry on an underground warfare against the Balkan States. There is, perhaps, no example in the annals of modern history of a diplomatic envoy abusing so flagrantly the privileges of his position as has been done by M. Hitrovo, Minister at Bukarest, whose house was the rallying point of all Panslavist agitators against the Bulgarian Government and even of the Roumanian anti-dynastic opposition. But at last, having quarrelled with his secretary, Jacobsohn, this worthy made revelations so compromising for his former chief that the Government was obliged to transfer Hitrovo to Lisbon.

It is evident that under such circumstances, notwithstanding the personal tendencies of the Czar, the maintenance of peace remains doubtful. Russia indeed is isolated, so much so that two years ago Alexander III., in a public toast, called little Montenegro her only friend. He is strongly opposed to all Western ideas of civilisation, very irritable, and unflinching in his personal dislikes, as he has

shown in the case of Prince Alexander of Battenberg; and, with his narrow views, he is unable to calculate the bearing of his words and actions, which often amount to direct provocation against his neighbours. If, nevertheless, tolerable relations with England, Austria, and Germany have been maintained, this is for the most part the merit of M. de Giers, the Foreign Secretary, an unpretending, cautious, and personally reliable man of business, whose influence with the Czar lies in the cleverness with which he appears not to exercise any. He has a perfect knowledge of all political relations, but no specific programme. He never takes any step which commits the Emperor, but confines himself to the practical questions of the moment, and thus enables his master to appear the real leader of Russian foreign policy. By these means this Finnish nobleman, hated by the Panslavists, has not only contrived to become Foreign Secretary, but to remain so for years. Among the other Ministers and high officials only a few enjoy the personal confidence of the Emperor. The Minister of the Imperial House, Count Woronzow-Dashkow, is a rich man of ancient family and unblemished integrity, who never meddles with politics. Prince Obolenski, Court Marshal, is an influential personage, but has never any idea of possessing an opinion differing from that of his sovereign; and General von Richter, Commander of the Imperial headquarters and President of the Committee for Petitions, hated as a German and a Protestant, strictly confines himself to his business, and is esteemed by the Czar for his honesty and loyalty. The present Finance Minister, Vishnegradski, is in his way a clever man, who has contrived to raise the rate of exchange, and converted 5 per cent. loans into 4 per cent. ones, but only by vastly increasing the capital of the debt, and by extending the period of the sinking fund from twenty-five to eighty-one years, while he has scraped together every available rouble by the harshest taxation, and so impoverished the mass of the agricultural population. The Ministers of War and Public Instruction, General Wannowski and Count Deljanow, are without political importance. The chief of the general staff, General Obrutchew, is considered the principal advocate of a French alliance, but has been obliged to renounce his journeys to Paris, which he made for promoting

his ideas under Alexander II., the present Emperor allowing no similar interferences, which might hamper his future policy.

The Empress Marie Feodorowna (originally betrothed to his elder brother), an amiable and popular woman, of a naturally gay temper, is the head of all Court festivities, but she does not pretend to exercise any influence over her husband, which explains why the domestic life of the Imperial couple is so happy. Her nerves are said to have been much shaken by the railway catastrophe of Borki and the late attempt on the life of the Czarevitch in Japan, as well as by the illness of her younger son. The heir-apparent is too young, and seems too insignificant, to have any present importance. The eldest brother of the Emperor, Grand Duke Vladimir, is a man not without talent, who has been frequently chosen by the Czar to represent him at foreign Courts, as on the ninetieth anniversary of the Emperor William I., and also for soothing the discontent in the Baltic provinces, in which mission, however, he entirely failed owing to the instructions inspired by Podobenoszew. His wife, the Mecklenburg Princess Maria Paulowna, is certainly the most gifted person of the Imperial family, who had the courage to stipulate as a condition of her marriage that she should remain a Protestant, the first time in one hundred and fifty years that this has occurred in Russia. Her position is therefore a difficult one, but she maintains it with firmness and tact, and the accusation of the so-called Count Vasili—now unmasked as a French spy, Mondion—in his book *La Société de St. Pétersbourg*, that she played the part of Bismarck's agent and dabbled in German intrigues, is simply ridiculous. Two other German princesses marrying Grand Dukes also remained Protestants, Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, wife of the Emperor's brother, Sergei, and Princess Constantin of Altenburg, but the first named embraced the orthodox creed when her husband was made Governor of Moscow.

Personally, the Emperor is said to be kind-hearted, though at the same time hot-tempered, while a strange vein of timidity pervades his character. He does not like new faces, and prefers to communicate with his Ministers and generals by writing rather than by word of mouth, because he does not like discussions for which he is not prepared. He is, of course, obliged to receive

hundreds of persons, but avoids long conversations, if he feels unable to cope in argument with his interlocutors. His personal commerce with those in whom he has confidence is therefore very limited, and he dislikes intercourse with eminent men, because he fears the influence they may exercise upon him, being very desirous of appearing independent. For instance, he has discarded Count Adlerberg, a real man of business, who always accompanied Alexander II. in his travels, and when he goes abroad he is surrounded only by those who have no opinion of their own. Yet the Emperor is very accessible to the advice of fanatics like Podobenoszew, because their resolute convictions impose upon him, and because, above all, he fears foreign influence.

After all, Alexander III., notwithstanding his private virtues, is far from being a happy man or a successful ruler. He feels his life to be in constant danger, as evidenced by the immense apparatus of police and military force by which he is surrounded, particularly when travelling. The Nihilist plots have somewhat abated, because the conspirators have been ruthlessly put down, but no one knows whether the danger of Nihilism has been diminished. According to a well-informed observer,* acute Nihilism has become chronic, the hot-headed fanatics ready to risk their lives in attempts of violence have decreased, and the omnipresence of political spies has suppressed the free discussion of political affairs; but the mass of the discontented, which expects a change for the better only from revolutionary events or war, has enormously increased.

Russia has certainly vast natural resources, but they cannot be turned to account for the benefit of the population under the present system of government, which rests on violent suppression of every free opinion, official corruption, and a perverse fiscal policy. Unless this misgovernment and the aggressive foreign policy cease, the condition of the great Russian Empire will remain precarious, and the prospects of European peace unsettled.

GEFFCKEN.

* A. V. Samson-Himmelstjerna, *St. Petersburger Schilderungen und Briefe*, Leipzig, 1891.

LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

AT the Centenary Banquet commemorating the inauguration of President Washington, in New York, Mr. Lowell gave the national conscience a home-thrust, by saying: "Literature has been put somewhat low on the list of toasts; but perhaps the place assigned to it here may be taken as roughly indicating that which it occupies in the general estimation." His insinuation was amply justified by facts, and might well have been pressed more sharply, had the occasion permitted. Yet in an essay by another American author, which I once heard publicly read, it was declared that literature in the United States enjoys several distinct advantages over literature in other and unrepublican countries; the advantages, namely, of an increased self-respect on the part of authors; a more "fluid intercourse" between classes in society; greater freedom of initiative, greater range of theme, and a fresher, more vigorous development of language.

Contrasted with Mr. Lowell's statement, it seems to me that these assertions, at the first blow of the critical hammer, crumble into a delicate wreck of optimism. Taking first the question of language, it may be admitted that we Americans are facile and fertile in the invention of slang, some of which may, perhaps, crystallise as a permanent contribution to our speech. On the other hand, among the American people in their common use of English there is a distinct leaning towards formal and cumbrous modes of expression, mingled with solecisms, and this is diametrically opposed to strength and wholesome freshness. In various parts of the country, novelties of speech (or survivals of old words and forms) are found, which have been infused into current books by our

novelists and humourists. But even these do not as yet indicate any new or improved force in language development. Occasionally, too, a brilliant, terse, and fluent expressiveness flares out on the pages of our few succinct and well-written newspapers. But this is the exception in journalism. Masters of good style we have undoubtedly produced in higher fields. Yet a candid comparison of Emerson's prose, for instance, with Carlyle's can hardly convince us that the balance of vigour and freshness is in favour of the American writer. And only a mind in which local prejudice triumphs over the desire to reach a just conclusion could believe that our poets have exceeded, even if they have equalled, that independence, force, and originality in the art of applying words or giving them new subtleties of meaning which Keats and Browning and Swinburne exemplify. However excellent the achievements of American literature may be, they give no sign that language in the United States develops greater strength than in England. The claim that it does so is both extravagant and needless.

So, I think, is the claim of a superior self-respect in the American author. There is assuredly nothing in the circumstances surrounding American authors that can enable them to enjoy such exceptional self-respect. There is much in those circumstances, on the contrary, that is calculated to lower their self-respect and mortify them. In Europe, authorship is frequently rewarded with distinctions conferred, in theory at least, as a tribute to skill and fidelity in its pursuit. Foreign Governments generally interest themselves somewhat in the advancement of literature. The United States Government does not. No pains are taken to encourage or honour the literary profession in the United States; and it is in fact confronted in daily life by a positive adverse prejudice. There is a widespread feeling of contempt for it; not vented on the individual, but quietly maintained towards the whole body of authors. The average citizen would profusely, and no doubt sincerely, deny this: for there is plenty of mere lip-homage offered to literature in the abstract. But the contempt is shown indirectly, in practical ways. The literary profession is constantly treated and alluded to as a something out of touch with the practical business and spirit of the people, yet a something which

at the same time falsely assumes to be superior to them. The political career of a Beaconsfield, beginning as a fashionable novelist, would be impossible here. Far from being an aid to success in public life, literary achievement is rather a drawback, unless the writer shall have first gained his title to respect, and to complete equality in this nation of equals, by some other means than devotion to literature. To make his place in the community thoroughly approved, an author must usually make his way in some other capacity—as a business man, a preacher, teacher, lecturer, editor, publisher, orator, soldier, journalist, or what not. Wealth, as a means to material dignity and an outward prop to self-respect, can be obtained from literary production only by popular successes on the largest scale. Even a modest income is made peculiarly difficult to get. This in the past was owing to the deliberate refusal of the people and their Government to recognise property rights in the works of all authors, regardless of nationality. Hence the great Republic—instead of opening to all authors, including its own, an even chance and fair prospect of proportionate reward for their work — restricted prosperity to the very few.

A nation that until recently failed to treat literature with common honesty was naturally incapable of treating it with honour. The condition of European authors may be far from ideal; but at least, except in Russia, their relation to the other elements of society is consistent with self-respect; they are to some extent honoured; and their influence is generally recognised as an important and desirable factor. Finally, the means of decent self-support are opened to them without the interposition of exceptional barriers. It may be said that the United States has shown its respect for literary men by giving a number of them Government appointments abroad. But this has rarely been done in response to any popular demand. At best, it is a cheap way of making nominal amends for the scandalous injustice imposed upon them in other respects, and of obtaining *éclat* with the cultivated class at home, and, still more, of impressing foreign Governments (which respect literature) in favour of a new administration. Hawthorne was sent to Liverpool purely because of his college intimacy and long friendship with

President Pierce; and, but for the gift of that office, he would have died penniless. Washington Irving never could have held his own, still less could have gained a competence and a strong position, if he had not gone to live in England, where literary labours were fittingly compensated and the profession which he represented had a creditable standing in the social system. A long list could be made of the American men of letters whose survival and ability to carry on their work would, under the burden inflicted upon them by the United States, have been impossible, except for sources of income apart from literature; and in this list we should have to include Longfellow, Cooper, Prescott, Bancroft, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Bryant, and Hawthorne. To-day, we find American authors like Bret Harte, Henry James, and Marion Crawford living self-exiled in Europe, where they command greater prosperity, more comfort, and more agreeable relations socially than are procurable by any American authors at home who are not possessed of independent means.

But there are other considerations possibly even more important. One of these is the supposed "fluidity of intercourse" between different classes. Our classes, it is true, are not fixed; but their limitations and barriers are real and obstructive; and the spirit which informs them is less logical than that which controls the classes in unrepublican nations. Europeans have at least agreed upon certain distinctions, which they obey; while we Americans obey certain distinctions upon which we have *not* agreed. From the very shakiness of our discriminations it follows that, with exceptions of course, members of our different classes are reciprocally afraid either of compromising themselves or of being snubbed. In this way, fluidity of intercourse is actually checked, instead of being promoted by our system, or want of system. In the mutual contact of classes in Europe much may still remain to be desired; but I have never been able to discover, either by observing social conditions there, or by a comparison of their portrayal in literature, that intercommunication of classes is really any more difficult in foreign countries than with us. There is a great deal of genuine, though unproclaimed, democracy in this respect, in Europe; because fixity of class defines relative positions, and obviates the embarrass-

ment arising from our merely nominal equality. For this theoretical equality of ours is constantly denied, resisted, or annulled in fact; and the dissonance between theory and fact leads to touchiness, constraint, and mutual suspicion. Even if we are no worse off than Europeans, certainly we cannot maintain that our class relations in themselves add strength to our literature.

Then, as to freedom of literary initiative. If it is really accorded to Americans in a superlative degree, they have refrained from using it. In the greatest intellectual movement of our day, the emancipation of scientific thought and the application of its methods to the consideration of history, religion, and æsthetics, the initiative came from England and Germany, not from republican America. In political philosophy, again, the United States, if true to the mission with which it set out, should stand pre-eminent. The world does, to a great extent, follow the guidance of our early statesmen; but who has succeeded to their inspiration? We read Herbert Spencer, it is said, more than he is read in England; but can we ourselves claim an initiative at all approaching the freedom, vigour, and depth of his, in the study of sociology, institutions, morals, laws? All sorts of perplexities and problems of the gravest import have come up for examination, since the United States began its national career. American literature, however, has almost entirely failed to deal with them, except at second hand.

In poetry and fiction, especially, the absence of free initiative is glaringly manifest. Walt Whitman is the only one of our poets who has made any radical departure in a new direction; and, as a consequence, he has been for the most part misunderstood or repudiated by the people. To take a different sort of example: had the *Laus Veneris* of Swinburne been the first work of an American author introducing himself to the public, he would have been intellectually and socially outlawed for life. No amount of subsequent worthy poetic performance, not open to the reproach of grossness, would have availed to reinstate him as a writer worthy of respectable consideration. This I affirm unhesitatingly, in face of the circumstance that thousands of copies of *Laus Veneris* were sold in a pirated American edition, and were openly read and discussed by the most intelligent, the most cultivated people. Goethe and

Balzac, on the score of sundry of their works, would be condemned without appeal if they were Americans, although they now stand unimpeached in our libraries. They are even read in translation without any perceptible pulverisation of the American moral sense. Yet, a shameful and scurrilous personal attack was made, in the public prints, on the American translator of Balzac, the translator being a wealthy maiden lady of the highest character and intelligence, who has devoted her life to charitable and educational work. And the cause of this abuse was that, after having been fulsomely praised for her previous translations, she went on with her appointed task by producing an English version of the *Cousine Bette*—a book which her calumniators would hardly hesitate to read in the original. That a public which can read, in English, with composure and moral profit and high praise, Tourgénief's *Spring Floods*, and Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina*,—unshrinking as they are in the detail of sin—should take this sudden freak is somewhat bewildering. But even Catholic Spain can tolerate Valera when, in his *Pepita Ximenes*, he militates directly against priestly celibacy, and for the supremacy of a pure human love. No similar onslaught upon an institution or prejudice of equal authority in the United States would be tolerated for a moment. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* still stands nearly alone as an instance of independence in American fiction; and that book was sustained by fierce political passions and a mighty movement (already under way when the novel appeared), which carried with it half the people. Freedom of initiative, by the necessity of the case, cannot exhibit itself in ways that will please everybody. It is quite probable that any of us, while approving one particular ebullition of it, would be annoyed or offended by its manifestation in some other form. It is not the question here what special initiative an individnal may like or dislike; for we are discussing only the general proposition. And on this, I say, without multiplying instances, that freedom of literary initiative does not exist in the United States to-day as it does in moss-grown Spain, monarchical England and Norway, arbitrary and imperial Germany, or even as it does in some respects in despotic Russia. The people of the United States have, in fact, set up a censorship of the most irregular, wayward, and irresponsible

kind; that of an ungoverned popular prejudice, the most curious trait of which is that it allows great liberty to foreign authors of the best sort, yet denies the same privilege to native authors holding similar rank.

License is rampant in the literature of France Republican as it was in that of France Imperial. No well-wisher of his country, however liberal, can, if he be sane in his liberality, desire that this quality should enter into the spirit of American literature. The instinct of the American people is right, that we should try to have a pure literature. But their practice has been wrong, because they do not see that a pure literature, if it is to keep its hold upon readers, must be strong, and must boldly present and consider every part of human existence. Their practice has been wrong, further, because they have admitted two distinct standards, one for foreign and another for native writers; and because they have done nearly everything that could be done, first to discourage and destroy native literature, and secondly to fetter it unwisely, at the same time that they maintain in opulence a daily Press which defies propriety and privacy, and revels in filth to an extent not matched by any other Press in the world. One serious result of the false delicacy imposed on authors of the better sort—a delicacy which does not permit in them even the stainless candour of Thackeray and George Eliot, and, since it has constantly grown more arbitrary, would doubtless hoot down the *Scarlet Letter* if it were produced to-day as a new American book—is to be seen in the windfall of prematurely corrupt American novels which have of late been strewn broadcast on our bookstalls and newspaper stands. They represent a protest, natural but misdirected and unsavoury, against the weak and artificial restrictions which have been foolishly put upon serious American fiction. Had a sound, imaginative literature of high quality been assiduously fostered, robust and broad, and commensurate with the needs of the nation, this revolt of the emancipated groundlings (which, by the way, is not free initiative, but is merely a wretched imitation of the worst models furnished by Europe) would either not have taken place, or would have been shorn of its deleterious influence. But we are full of inconsistency. We not only purloin in quantity all specimens

of foreign literature, which we say it would be demoralising to produce at home, but we admit also, without hindrance, every conceivable species of immigrant, except the Chinese, and consent that these elements, good or bad, shall enter into the veins and brawn of the nation. Only we say that, while they work in the veins, they shall not work in the brains; that, no matter how heterogeneous the substance of our national life, still our national literature must be trimmed down to a single, weak, conventional standard. We ought to remodel both our loose and careless plan of making a nation and our warped and narrow plan of making a literature. Our present course will end by converting our imaginative literature into a monstrosity, or a plaything.

But why does the American author allow himself to be intimidated? One reason is this. In a monarchy or despotism an author may be in opposition; but it will generally be opposition to the sovereign or the oligarchy, from whose judgments he can always appeal to the people. In the United States, if he find himself at any time in opposition, it is to the people; or he is made to fear so. He has, then, nothing to fall back upon except himself; and for himself, as a minority of one, the people have not much respect. He is trampled down at once, with a rush and a hue-and-cry of the Press; or else, by tacit consent, is treated with a complete inattention that leaves him to pipe to his own ear in solitude. The result is that, although our popular life is absolutely bursting with dramatic possibilities and actualities, with business and political intrigues, with the teeming currents of all human passions, with splendours of virtue, and terrors of vice and crime; sparkling with comedy, and full of tragic episodes—material ripe for the novelist, the dramatist, the essayist—hardly an author in good standing dares attempt to embody these tremendous phases of passing existence vigorously and independently, in a spirit of genuine leadership. A survey of our literature will show that the attempt is rarely made to represent life frankly, seriously, with penetration, depth, earnestness. Authors are overshadowed by a fear of offending the inscrutable majority. That majority effaces and crushes the individual. Admirable and conscientious observer though he is—and, it may be added, admiring observer

also—Professor Bryce does not discover in the United States any marked tendency towards mob law. To many Americans, however, the frequency of lynching, even in long-settled regions, and the unqualified outrages of "White Caps" or similar lawless bodies, who in all parts of the country—although we are supposed to be enjoying an era of profound peace and order—attempt to regulate the morals of communities by violence, seem to indicate that he is mistaken. The same sort of summary control is brought to bear upon literature, though in a more indirect, silent, and less open way; notwithstanding that Professor Bryce disagrees with De Tocqueville, who perceived this truth and declared that there was no country in the world where less intellectual liberty existed than in the United States. Entire liberty exists, but only within certain narrow limits. Few but Americans, living in and for America, can fully appreciate this. Our popular magazines, which—owing to the limited sale of most American books, caused by the flood of cheap uncopyrighted works, form the main source of support for American authors—naturally assist the suppressive influence of the majority. For, beneficent though the function of the magazines is in many ways, to both writer and public, these periodicals must at all hazards avoid irritating any possible prejudice of their readers. The number, variety, and curious nature of the restrictions thus placed upon the author are as hard to describe as they would be for any one unfamiliar with them to conceive. Nor has the American writer the support or guidance of any well-organised and competent criticism, or of a body of readers trained to judicial reflection and just discernment whose influence is distinctly felt : aids to a vigorous literature, which are present in England. Add to this the continual and well-nigh irresistible tendency to a certain outward uniformity among the American people, which has been remarked by many acute observers, both native and foreign, and you begin to understand why it is that in our literature there is so much poverty of robust individualism, so serious an absence of the invigorating clash of mind with mind in free play of debate. De Tocqueville was right ; and Mr. Lowell was right also when he said that the low place of literature on a list of toasts at a public banquet registered its place in the general

estimation. One could hardly expect it to have other than a low position in the regard of a people who have denied its rights and in every way curtailed its freedom.

What remedy is there for this condition of things? Mr. Clarence King has recommended that our literature be vitalised by so reforming the study of the Greek classics in our universities as to impart more of their spirit and less of their syntax. Professor Charles Eliot Norton counsels a quickened sense of responsibility in people of culture, and modes of training still higher than those now provided by our universities. These suggestions, excellent though inadequate, begin at the wrong end, by assuming that literature in the United States can obtain its due place and influence by reliance upon the efforts of a favoured few. Now, literature does not make life; but life makes literature. A sound literature may become, even more than laws, the safeguard of liberty, of genuine popular government, and of equitable social relations. But, in order to do this, it must spring from the heart and genius of the people themselves; from their habitudes and ideals. "An aristocracy," says Balzac, penetratingly, "is in a way the *thought* of society, as the working and middle classes are its organism and its action." That is quite true, if the aristocracy remain faithful to its important function. But in the United States we have only our national aristocracies of wealth and brains; which, without casting any slur upon meritorious individuals, may be described impartially as a scum that rises to the surface and is called the "cream" of society; rising by the same mixture of law and fortuitousness which causes other elements to sink to the bottom, and to be known as the "dregs." Our aristocracy of wealth has no solidarity, except that of its interests in trade, manufacture, finance, and social position. Our aristocracy of intellect has no solidarity of a grand, informing spiritual aim. The two are disunited. Neither of them, alone, can conduct us to the goal of desired improvement. They have not the headship that would enable them to do this, and there is no discernible tendency in the Government to support them in any attempt to do it. Even were they united, they could effect little without the co-operation of the people. An appeal to the whole people, therefore, is the only means that can be effectual. And,

since that appeal would be democratic, it is the only logical one to be made in a country professing to be democratic.

A people who have taken their destiny into their own hands; who have provided themselves with freedom of action and every known means of development, individual as well as collective—such a people are answerable for the use or misuse that they make of their opportunities: answerable to the world, to themselves, and to God. No one can absolve them from their responsibility, and no one can assume it for them. It is not a valid excuse to say that the people have been absorbed in subduing the soil. Inventiveness, vast resources, and enormous wealth rapidly accumulated, have increased the facilities for subduing the soil, in a geometrical progression, and have greatly lessened the labour involved. Besides, we observe that the people have plenty of time for material enjoyment and all sorts of public amusements. We have already become a holiday-making nation, to a surprising extent. The rich, also, devote much time and millions of money to the encouragement of yachting, and the breeding and racing of trotting or running horses. Sport and luxury are advanced and cared for in proportion to our progress in the production of wheat and pork, in railroads, manufactures, mining, electrical improvement, and general trade. Ideas alone, and their incarnation in noble forms of literature, are neglected. Much, no doubt, has been done in the way of founding colleges and endowing libraries. Furthermore, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in *Triumphant Democracy*, enumerates the thousands of our newspapers and periodicals, the millions we spend for spelling-books and encyclopædias, and the tons of paper we use in manufacturing atlases. But the true weight of a national literature cannot be gauged by the hay-scales. We buy, as Mr. Carnegie shows hundreds of thousands of volumes written by foreign authors. Yet appreciation of the work of other nations in literature is by no means the same thing as original production. What we still lack is a spirit of real respect for literature, and sympathy with it; a due sense of its importance in our life, and a determination to sustain it and give it free play.

We Americans are rapidly falsifying the grand outline on which the founders of the nation set out to build a state. We are obscur-

ing it under a mass of heterogeneous materials absorbed into our population ; a slough which includes crumbling stone, and even mud, heaped up at haphazard. Dishonesty crops out in all parts of our system ; in the worship of mere crafty "smartness" dissociated from principle, whether in business or in political life ; in the buying and selling of elections, openly defended by rich and intelligent representative men ; in the recognised purchase of legislators by the highest bidder, and the cynical indifference of the people to this kind of barter; and in the abject, humiliating dependence of our politics on foreign agitation. Still greater ills of violent disorder await us in the immediate future, as any impartial person may discover by reading, not the rant of imported Socialists, but the sober utterances of genuine American working men—an intelligent and formidable body—as set forth in their chosen organs. With all these things a vigorous national literature should be concerned, since it is an indispensable operant in the righting of wrongs and in the cleansing of corruption from without and from within.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THEODOR KÖRNER.

So sank er, noch an Muth und Kunst ein Leue,
Als schöner Traum von deutscher Kraft und treue.
—KÖRNER to BROCKMANN.

A song for the death-day of the brave,
A song of pride!
For him that went to a hero's grave
With the sword, his bride!
—MRS. HEMANS.

SEPTEMBER 21st, 1891, will be the centenary of the birth of Theodor Körner. Germany is patriotic, is still capable of noble hero-worship; and it is certain that this centenary will be celebrated in a jubilee of earnest national enthusiasm.

Körner was soldier and singer. In the dark hour before the dawn of his land's better fortunes, he willingly laid down his young life for his country; and in losing life he has found a nobler life in the honour and in the love of all his compatriots. Germany may have the first claim to render reverence to a hero who was in his services and his sentiments so essentially German; but other countries—and especially England—may well be drawn into the magic circle of sympathy and admiration for the ideal young soldier of freedom, who lives in human memory and idea as ever young; who was gentle and tender, but devoted and gallant; who pushed patriotism to a passion; and whose too early death, if glorious, was yet so sad.

We have not space to enter here upon any detailed examination of Germany's *Befreiungs-Krieg;* but it seems well to give such a sketch of the personality, the life and workings of Körner, as may explain and justify to England the enthusiasm of Germany for the name and memory of her radiant young poet-warrior.

Karl Theodor Körner was born in Dresden, September 21st, 1791. His father, Christian Gottfried Körner, was a lawyer, an *Appellations-Rath*, and a *Geheimer Ober-Regierungs-Rath*. He married, in 1785, Anne Marie Jacobine Stock, the daughter of the copper-plate engraver Stock, of Leipzig. The future poet was fortunate in both his parents, who were good, cultured, and able persons. Both stood in near relation to, and in correspondence with Goethe and Schiller. In consequence of delicate health in early youth, the future poet did not begin his education quite so soon as was usual with boys of his time and of his standing in society; but exercise and life in the open air restored the boy to fair health. He is described as having had, in boyhood and in young manhood, a tender heart, a firm will, and a deep affection for those that he loved, while one of his very distinctive characteristics was a strong and easily excited imagination. He very early evinced a decided love of poetry. It seems that Schiller's ballads were the first poems that the gifted lad learned to know. Schiller was, indeed, the poet who exercised the strongest influence upon the life and workings of Körner, who, early in his poetic career, had caught the trick of Schiller's line, of his verse, and of his melody. The pupil appropriated easily the manner of his illustrious model. Körner was educated partly at the Kreuzschule in Dresden, and partly by eminent private tutors. In his seventeenth year he left his father's house and went to the School of Mines, at Freiberg, there to study as a mining engineer; and he passed in Freiberg two busy and happy years, extending from June 10th, 1808, to June 28th, 1810.

He remained, during this Freiberg period, in intimate relations with his Dresden home, and in constant correspondence with his only sister, Emma, and with his aunt, Dora Stock. Indeed, the whole life of Körner was influenced by home affections and domestic tenderness; while, despite all his other studies and pursuits, the love of poetry developed and deepened. Already, in 1810, he published a little volume of youthful lyrical pieces, which he called *Knospen* (or *Buds*). In the same year he left Freiberg, and in August he went to study at Leipzig, a city in which his parents had many friends and relations. On a happy visit to the castle of

his godmother, the Duchess Dorothea von Kurland, he produced a poetical evening paper called *Die Theeblätter* (the *Tea-leaves*), which appeared only in written characters, and was intended merely for the delight of the little circle at the castle.

He fell upon days of strong student excitement at Leipzig, in which city there was war between the society (the *Makaria*) to which Körner belonged and the *Sulphuria*, an aristocratic association of students. In consequence of a duel, Körner, in order to avoid arrest, fled from Leipzig and went to Berlin. In the Prussian capital he was seized with serious illness, and he returned to his home in 1811. His character had, by this time, ripened greatly, and he had developed active, clear force of will, without, however, losing his amiable characteristics. As time progressed, he drifted more and more away from science, and turned, in proportion, more strongly to poetry. His father wished that the son should devote himself to a scientific career, and the young man, furnished with introductions to W. von Humboldt and to Friedrich Schlegel, went to Vienna in order that he might study there.

This visit to the gay Austrian capital was the turning point in the life of Körner. He soon felt himself at home in Vienna, where the bright, talented youth met with a most friendly reception. He was divided between a desire to comply with his father's wishes and an irresistible impulse to poetry and the drama. His gift was not to be suppressed; but, in spite of some paternal disappointment, father and son remained upon the most cordial and intimate terms. The relation between them, as evidenced by their correspondence, was loving and beautiful. Körner, to please his father, gave some time to the study of history; but it is probable that he studied the page of history only in order to find in it plots for plays. About this time we find a record of the awakening of his passionate patriotism. He scorns those who talk loudly of making sacrifices for freedom and yet remain sitting by the stove. Austerlitz and Jena were freshly behind him, and he waits to see what Prussia will do against Napoleon. If an opportunity should present itself, he will prove his love for Germany, and will do his duty. He seemed inclined to turn from poetry to patriotism, but he remained, through poetry, intensely patriotic.

He feels that God has made poetry his vocation, and determines to become a dramatist, writing primarily for the Vienna stage.

He acted with characteristic impetuosity, and began his dramatic career with comedies, written with singular rapidity, one piece, the *Fischermädchen*, having been completed in seven hours. At Christmas, 1811, he had produced *Die Braut* and *Der Grüne Domino*. By January 8th, 1812, he was ready with the *Nachtwächter*, and by the end of the same month he had finished *Toni;* while in February he had written *Die Sühne* (or *Expiation*), one of his most powerful acting dramas. This strong, but morbid piece treats of the misfortunes of a woman who, believing wrongly her first husband to be dead, marries his brother, and this complication is only solved by murder. There are but three characters, and only one, the first brother-husband, remains alive when the curtain falls. Körner was, at this period, in love with Fräulein Antonie Adamberger, familiarly called *Toni*, who was an actress in Vienna. He used her name for the heroine of the San Domingo drama, which he calls *Toni*. Happy in his love, Körner did not then fully foresee that his sword was to become his bride, and that his poetry would finish with a swan-song.

Körner deserted the comic for the tragic Muse; and his later pieces are nearly all tragedies. Working with feverish haste—almost as if he knew that his time was to be short—he wrote *Zriny*, *Rosamunde*, *Hedwig Joseph Heyderich;* but he returned to his earlier love in two slight pieces, *Die Gouvernante* and *Der Vetter aus Bremen*. *Zriny*, his first great tragedy, is drawn from Hungarian history of the sixteenth century, and is, in essence, truly tragic. It is one of his most successful pieces. *Rosamunde* is our "Fair Rosamond," the mistress of Henry II. Körner's plays succeeded well upon the stage, and he showed perhaps more aptitude for stage effect than literary power. Schiller remained always his model, and he caught happily the tone of sentiment of the author of *The Robbers*. The most surprising thing is the wonderful rapidity with which so much dramatic work—work which, as Goethe said of it, showed distinctive talent—was done.

He must have worked in a state of terrible mental excitement, for the whole dramatic career of this youth of twenty extends only

over about fifteen months. His chief dramas are passionate, ideal, sentimental; but the fire and heat remain upon the surface, and do not penetrate into the depths of the stuff. They were, of necessity, unripe and over-hasty productions; but the wonder is that so much work, great in quantity and fair in quality, should have been produced in so brief a space of time.*

In Vienna, Körner, as a playwright, was eminently popular and successful. Under the influence and the partial supervision of Goethe, several of his plays were acted in Weimar. The generous kindness which Goethe always showed to youth and promise was, perhaps, increased by his old friendship for Körner's father. The great theatre director produced in 1812, in Weimar, *Der Grüne Domino, Die Braut, Die Gouvernante, Toni, and Die Sühne;* and they all made a good impression; but Goethe hesitated with *Zriny*. Wolff, Schiller's favourite actor, and Unzelmann played genially in the *Braut;* and Goethe spared no pains with the mounting and casting of all the plays. The great man invited the younger Körner (letter May 14th, 1812) to spend some time with him in Weimar, but the young dramatist could not, at the moment, leave Vienna; and afterwards his father, who had taken offence at Goethe's admiration for Napoleon, objected to a visit to the man of genius who was too little in sympathy with the passionate uprising of the youth of Germany against the French oppressor of the Fatherland.

On January 9th, 1813, Körner was appointed *Hoftheaterdichter* (Court Theatre Poet) in Vienna. The contract was to run for three years. His yearly salary was to be 1,500 gulden; and he bound himself to produce, every year, two great dramas, each one to play the whole evening, and two small afterpieces; while he also undertook all adaptations and alterations for his theatre.

Körner was a Saxon by birth, and an Austrian by appointment. Saxony was then† fighting on the side of Napoleon; and oh, the irony of fate! Körner was actually advertised (with others) in Dresden as liable to punishment for not joining, for military duty

* He wrote also the text for four or five operas; and a few things in prose, but these latter are of little importance.

† At the battle of Leipzig she changed sides.

that Saxon army which was to co-operate with Napoleon against Germany! He was not, technically, bound to enrol himself as a volunteer against the enemy of the Fatherland; but his enthusiasm for the good cause impelled Körner to emulate his favourite hero, Max Piccolomini, and to confront death in order to discharge a patriot's duty. He had, it would seem, a presentiment of early death; but the noble young poet gladly risked everything for freedom and the Fatherland, and, avoiding Austrian service, he enrolled himself in Lützow's *Jäger* Corps, and joined the black band of ardent volunteers. He hastened to take leave of his parents in Dresden—he had already parted from his bride—and found at home great joy and many tears. His father was delighted; the others wept. He saw father, mother, and sister for the last time; and he was never to fulfil his three years' engagement with the theatre in Vienna. The drama gave place to the lyre, and henceforth all his literary work was to be wholly lyrical.

This black Corps under Lützow resembled very much Wallenstein's camp, and contained men of all sorts and conditions, drawn from all the various nationalities of then dismembered Germany, but united by the strong tie of patriotism. The highly-wrought, romantic, noble nature of Körner expanded and became exalted by circumstance. He sang passionately, and his best literary work is contained in those war lyrics which his father afterwards collected and published under the title of *Lyre and Sword*. Körner was no longer an echo; he had become a living voice. His songs had ceased to suggest any model, or exemplar; and rhetoric gave way to *naïveté*, and to the force of vital impulse. Schiller had never heard the blare of the trumpets of a near foe; had never heard the neighing of the horses of the enemy's outposts; had never bivouacked in close proximity to an invading army. Körner well knew all these experiences, and war struck fire into his song. He was very popular in the black Corps and was soon elected to be a lieutenant. His companions prized the dear and honoured comrade who fought with them so bravely, and sang for them so nobly. He was instinct with the truest sentiment of the devoted patriotic soldier, who willingly left love, and resigned a dramatist's successful career in order to help to free his unhappy country from

a degrading foreign yoke. To him, too, may be applied that which Schiller said of Max Piccolomini :—

Da Kommt das Schicksal—Roh und kalt
Fasst es des Freundes Zärtliche Gestalt
Und wirft ihn unter den Hufschlag seiner Pferde—
Das ist das Loos der Schönen auf der Erde !

Körner changed into the cavalry division of Lützow's black band, and became adjutant to the chief himself. " Lützow's wilde Jagd " played some part in preparing fighting Germany for the battle of Leipzig, which was not far off. To Körner's deep regret, his regiment was not engaged in the battles of Grossgörschen and Bautzen ; but Lützow, with four squadrons of cavalry, undertook an adventurous advance into Thüringen. On June 4th, Lützow heard that there was a suspension of hostilities, and he returned to Leipzig. On the road, they were surprised and treacherously attacked by the French. Körner received two sabre cuts in the head, and was left, insensible, hidden by his comrades in a thick wood. These comrades sent two peasants to his help, and these honest fellows succoured him, in spite of the danger from the foreign foe, and assisted the wounded warrior to reach Leipzig, where he was treated and cured. Before the expiration of the armistice, Körner had rejoined his Corps, which was eager to attack the enemy, with whom, on the road between Gadebusch and Schwerin, they came in contact on August 27th, 1813. There was one more—last—bivouac for Körner, and then, in the early morning—

Auf, in den Feind, wie Donnerschlag !
O Reiterlust, am frühen Tag
Zu sterben, zu sterben.
Wir reiten still, wir reiten stumm,
Und reiten in's Verderben.

And so, as Herwegh sings, it happened. Lützow attacked impetuously, his men in a white heat of noble rage, and the French gave ground. They retreated into a wood close by, and as Körner and his comrades followed eagerly, attacking the foe vigorously, a gunshot struck Körner in the lower part of the body. Amid a storm of bullets, his brothers-in-arms dragged the wounded hero out of the hot conflict, and left him in the hands of an army surgeon.

But all help was vain. The wound was mortal, and, amid the roar of musketry, and the wild sounds of battle, the brave and gentle soul of the warrior-poet passed into a higher life. His fellow soldiers, after the fight was over, bore the body to the village of Wöbbelin, near the city of Ludwigslust (in Mecklenburg), and there they buried it beneath a mighty oak tree. The family did not hear of Körner's death until November, and then the father bought the spot of ground which contained the grave; and in that same grave rested, in the fulness of time, father, mother, sister, aunt. A monument, designed by Thormeyer, was raised upon the spot. It represented, fitly, a sacrificial altar; and lyre and sword, bound by a garland or wreath of oak, are graven upon the altar. His relations were united in death with the hero son; and though they were accompanied to the tomb only by domestic mourners, yet round the grave of Körner stood the dark crowd of his sorrowing comrades of Lützow's black band; and he was interred, mourned by the grief and honoured by the respect of those brave men who, with him, had suffered, struggled, fought for the same sublime idea and for the same noble cause.

Don Carlos speaks regretfully of three and twenty years, and nothing done for immortality; but Körner had achieved immortality at the age of twenty-two, and had gained, so young, the tears and praises of all aftertime.

It was but a few hours before his death that Körner, surrounded by all the terrors and the stern realities of war, and then anticipating an impending battle that might be his last, wrote, with pencil, in his pocket-book, his finest war-song—which is one of the finest of war songs,—"Du Schwert, an meiner Linken."

A soldier of the stamp of Körner is likely to be what Körner was—a deeply religious man. Many of his poems are full of high faith and trust. Take, for instance, the lofty lines from the *Gebet während der Schlacht*, the prayer raised during battle:—

Vater du, segne mich!
In deine Hand befehl' ich mein Leben,
Du kannst es nehmen, du hast es gegeben:
Zum Leben, zum Sterben segne mich!
Vater, ich preise dich!

Lines which may be thus rendered in prose:—

"Bless me, O my Father! Into Thy hand I commit my life. Thou canst take it: Thou hast given it. In life, in death, Father, O bless Thou me! Father, I worship Thee!"

His religion was rendered doubly serious by the imminent danger which surrounds a soldier's life on active service, and Körner was highly strung, nervous, imaginative.

The pathos of his beautiful death called forth a number of poetical tributes, nor was England behindhand in the generous rivalry of worthy praise. Our best votive offering is the silver melody of Mrs. Hemans' moving lines.

The popular portrait of Körner is the work of his sister, Emma. She was a most estimable young lady, devotedly attached to her brother, but she was not a great portrait painter. The face does not *live;* and the eyes are of that portentous and supernatural size which used to distinguish from ordinary humanity those of "beauties" depicted in old annuals and keepsakes. The work, indeed, suggests the blending of a figure-head with the visage of a wax-work. It is probably valueless for expression, but may be trusted for outline. It shows us a lean face, tapering to a pointed chin, and it portrays great breadth of forehead across the eyes. The hair curls all over the head; the nose is rather large, but is, like the mouth, fairly modelled. A small moustache fringes the lip. Fräulein Körner desired to idealise the loved brother, but, not having the power of idealising in art, she has only prettified the young hero; the disappointing picture has no life in it.

It may be allowable to speculate upon that which Körner might have become had he lived longer. He would, no doubt, have married Fräulein Antonie, the lady whom he quitted only because he loved honour more; and he would have settled down to a literary and dramatic career in his Vienna appointment. He died so young that his powers were suggested rather than fully developed. He was febrile and passionate in literature and in life; his nature was warm and high but thin, and his truest strength lay in his intense lyrical love of country, and in the noble and high-hearted devotion with which he sacrificed all—even life itself—for

Germany. He had, perhaps, more nervous energy than calm force; was forward rather than lasting. Goethe says that it was not his affair to sit in a room and write war-songs. "How," he asks, "could I, without hatred in my heart, have taken up arms? And how could I hate when I was no longer young? If I had been twenty at the time, I should not have been the last, but the event found me at sixty years of age. It was not my business, but that of Theodor Körner, to sing in that sort, and his war-songs suit him quite admirably."

Körner, though the most distinctive, was but one out of the many youthful heroes who, in the *Befreiungs-Krieg*, were inspired to dare death in order to oppose the insolent foreign foe. Fichte, the most manly of the philosophers, was swept away by the current of patriotism, and, in addition to volunteer military service, wrote his *Reden an die Deutsche Nation* (1808), while Heinrich von Kleist gave dramatic expression to the grief of a mourning patriot. All great movements in modern times find expression through literature; and the *Befreiungs-Krieg* uttered a passionate literary and lyrical cry. One of the greatest of the literary heroes of the time was Ernst Moritz Arndt (1769-1860), who did so much to excite German patriotism and to keep alive the popular German hatred of France.

No true German can even now look back without emotion to the struggles of the glorious War of Liberation. The three days of Leipzig, October 16th, 18th, and 19th, 1813, and the crowning victory of Waterloo, freed Germany from her old and terrible enemy. After freedom came national unity; and Germany's long sufferings and shames were fully atoned for and proudly rewarded when a King of Prussia was crowned as German Emperor at Versailles.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

FRENCH HYPOCRISY.

"FRENCH hypocrisy" has an awkward sound. By dint of hearing the adjective "British" associated with the noun "hypocrisy," many English people even have been led to believe them inseparable, like the French who invented this juxtaposition. There are several expressions of this kind in circulation in modern Gaul: "British haughtiness," "British egotism," and so on. These are the amenities exchanged between nation and nation, and those just mentioned are the equivalents of the "French levity" and "French immorality" of English retort. Nothing is so successful as a formula, for it spares us the trouble of observing and reflecting. Just as there is no smoke without fire, so there is no formula which does not contain a grain of truth. But how much cleverer people are in discovering their neighbours' faults than their own! This childish infatuation with one's self is perhaps more marked in France than elsewhere. Not that French people believe themselves perfect; but they attribute to themselves only those vices which are considered amiable, and repudiate those which savour of Pecksniff—such as social hypocrisy, which is regarded as a purely national product of Great Britain, like pale ale, roast beef, and fog. Perhaps in this they are mistaken, and it may be that social hypocrisy is an international product.

What is hypocrisy? It may be defined as the act of feigning a sentiment we do not feel. This is, undoubtedly, a most reprehensible act. But we must distinguish between the case in which we commit it for purely personal interests and that in which we commit it for what we consider social interests. In the latter case we are hypocrites from the absolute point of view, but from the

relative point of view we are not; and it is the relative which governs humanity. The word has thus a subtle meaning and a variable significance. When we speak of "Britannic hypocrisy" it is more especially hypocrisy in connection with morality that we refer to. "They are a nice lot, the English," say we, "with their severity and the extraordinary modesty which they affect in order to make us believe in their virtue. It is so outrageous that it must be put on to hide vices not less outrageous; so that, after all, they are no doubt in reality more immoral than we are, the wretched hypocrites!" It should be noted that those who argue thus—and their views rule in France—have never crossed the Channel, except a few, perhaps, on a week's visit to London, or to take a trip to the lakes of Scotland; that they neither speak nor read English; that they have not the slightest notion of Anglo-Saxon psychology.

It would not be easy to ascertain whether the moral level is more or less elevated on one side of the Channel than on the other. Because in England people refuse to parade their vices, that is no proof that vices are unknown there. In like manner, from the slight estimation in which French people seem to hold virtue, we ought not to conclude that virtue is rare among them. At the risk of offending my fellow countrymen, respect for the truth compels me to declare that there are many virtuous people among them; but they no more wish to appear so than immoral Englishmen wish to appear immoral. This is hypocrisy upside down. The truth is that in both countries vice and virtue co-exist; the respective proportions matter little. In both countries, also, vice is condemned and virtue held in honour. It is the moral temperament of each race as of each individual which determines the degrees of rigour or of indulgence, but in principle all agree. To regard vice with severity, therefore, is not to feign a sentiment we do not feel. It is good to be frank, but it is bad to be cynical; hypocrisy is a vice, but decency is a virtue. Only a hair's breadth separates decency from hypocrisy, cynicism from frankness, and it is a very delicate matter to determine the direction in which the balance ought to incline, as we cannot in this world obtain a perfect equilibrium.

But can it be said that this official hypocrisy—if we may call it so—to which the well-known definition applies so well, that it is the homage rendered by vice to virtue, does not exist in France? So far from this being the case it flourishes there as much as in England, often going beyond the limits wherein it might be useful, and so doing more harm than good. It must not be supposed, however, that I am undertaking its defence. Though perhaps a necessary evil, I detest it, and this is why I try to lay it bare in many places which French eyes do not see where France is concerned, although they discern it quickly enough among neighbours.

Let us consider, for instance, what I will call judicial hypocrisy. I mean by that the custom, in cases affecting the public morality, of declaring acts reprehensible which in ordinary life are generally considered perfectly normal. Everyone remembers the Eyraud case. The accused was an abject creature, convicted of the darkest crimes, and sunk in the lowest debauchery. In order to lay before the jury his ignoble antecedents, the presiding judge said to him in the course of the examination: "You used to have supper with women in restaurants at night." "There is no great harm in that," replied the accused, thus giving, perhaps unconsciously, a lesson to judicial hypocrisy. For neither by the court, the jury, the bar, nor the public in general was the fact regarded as a grave outrage against morality in this Paris, where morality is undoubtedly free and easy, without being as detestable as we are asked to believe. It was the merest burlesque, this disproportionate assimilation of peccadillo with the foul and sanguinary acts of the wretched outcast of humanity in the dock. Uttered by an English judge the remark would have been seized upon with ironical malevolence by some French journalist, as illustrating to a nicety the famous Britannic hypocrisy. Coming from a French judge it passed as a letter passes through the post.

Shortly afterwards a young Russian killed a rich young widow of weak mind, who at the last moment had refused to marry him. "You did all you could to demoralise this unfortunate young woman," said the judge to him, severely; "you took her to the *Chat Noir*." English people who are familiar

with Paris life know this pleasant mediæval tavern—a sort of select music-hall much in vogue—the songs of which would certainly be thought somewhat lively in London, but which, allowing for the different manner in which such things are regarded on the two sides of the Channel, are considered so unobjectionable by the Parisians that women belonging to the best society make no scruple of accompanying their husbands and brothers to the place. The judge had, no doubt, been there, taking with him the ladies of his family, except the young girls, without a thought of demoralising them. Again, when he read in his evening newspaper the account of some scandalous divorce case in London, he doubtless would exclaim with sincerity, according to the usual formula: "Look at those English Pharisees! What a difference there is between their private conduct and the morality they publicly parade." And you yourself, Judge? Is your morality in your heart, or in the folds of your red robe, lined with ermine, which you leave in the lobby of the court?

It is in divorce cases that judicial hypocrisy is displayed in all its beauty. If the character of the defendant is under consideration, all sorts of acts which are practically regarded as innocent are imputed to him as crimes. If between the spouses there is a considerable difference of fortune to the advantage of the one who is accused, with what contemptuous asperity he or she is blamed for having married for money! Yet, taken individually, nearly all those who collectively form this austere public opinion, have done, or tried to do, for themselves or their children, exactly what they judge so reprehensible. In France, as is well known, personal interests are thought of before personal inclinations in most marriages, and the suitor is not allowed to pay his court until the lawyers have settled everything. Good or bad, this is the principle established by custom. But whatever may be thought of it, as marriage is considered beforehand a mere matter of business, why afterwards affect to base it upon love? If, later on, disagreement arise between husband and wife, why should public opinion indignantly exclaim: "If they did not love each other why did they marry?" Let us not forget that those who proclaim so loudly the rights of love would be inconsolable if their

son or daughter contracted such a marriage of pure inclination as social prudence regards as disastrous folly. What are we to conclude from this flagrant disagreement between facts and words but that public opinion is profoundly hypocritical?

Having spoken of marriage I must not forget adultery. In France a perpetual subject of sarcasm is the severity of English etiquette on this point, in which people see an impertinent pretension to make it appear that the offence is rare in England. Let us admit that we ought to prefer the noble frankness which consists in harmonising our words with our conduct to the hypocrisy which in the interests of public morality believes it wiser to conceal vice than to parade it. Is this the case in France? We all know how matters stand there. From the coarse and broad jokes of the vulgar to the witty and delicate irony of the refined, there is quite a scale of expressions of contemptuous banter with regard to deceived husbands, and among the upper classes a gentle indulgence is displayed towards unfaithful wives. The middle classes, it is true, judge them with severity, but cast even more ridicule upon the husbands, which is very illogical. As to the adultery of men, it is considered among all classes as of little consequence. Indeed, when love is spoken of, or written about, it is always guilty love which is referred to, for legitimate love, people will tell you, is utterly devoid of interest.

No doubt here is enough to distress the moralist; but one may say that it affords satisfaction to those who condemn hypocrisy. Be it so. Why then is this same vice, so well treated in good society, painted in such dark colours on the stage? Why does it provoke so much indignation and vituperation? Why is the adulteress so roughly handled there, and why does the public, the individual members of which are not very rigid moralists, insist before it goes home to bed that vice should be severely punished? Why is this delightful sincerity transformed into hypocrisy? If in the theatre people express their true sentiments, then in the drawing-room they say the reverse of what they feel.

But this is not all. The theatres of which I am speaking are those in which dramas and serious comedies are played. Let us now go and see a vaudeville. We shall still meet with adultery,

but how differently it is treated. Here the husband is the scape-goat. His misfortune convulses the house with merriment from pit to gallery. From the beginning to the end of the piece he is the laughing-stock of everybody, to the delight of an applauding public. Vice triumphs all along the line. All this is very immoral, it will be said. "But the French are immoral; everybody knows that, and, after all, they have the courage of their immorality; they are not hypocrites like us." Yes, I have heard English people of intelligence and inclined to Gallomania speak thus on leaving the Palais-Royal or the Variétés. But wait a little. To surrender this flattering opinion for one not quite so favourable according to the point of view adopted, they have only to open a newspaper the next day and read what is given under the heading "Tribunaux." I shall be very much surprised if they do not find there one at least of those bewildering acquittals of deceived husbands who have killed with premeditation, and often with refinements of barbarity, the faithless wife and her accomplice. Such verdicts are of daily occurrence.

Either adultery is a crime, or it is not a crime. If it is one, we ought not to laugh at it. Do we laugh when our neighbour's house is on fire? Certainly not, and public opinion, like the law, would show no mercy to the incendiary. Why, therefore, should not the deceived husband receive as much respectful pity as the faithless wife receives of rigorous blame? If, on the other hand, adultery is not a crime, how can these frightful reprisals be justified which in no other case are allowed either by the customs or the laws of Christian nations? Laughter being always sincere, it is in the assize court and not in the theatre that people are hypocrites. This is an hypocrisy the consequences of which are very barbarous, since it absolves murder, and inconsistent hypocrisy into the bargain, which deprives it of all excuse; for if social hypocrisy is useful in the preservation of the public morals it is only on condition of being consistent with itself. And it cannot be denied that the jokes in the vaudeville and the drawing-room, on the subject of adultery, do more to encourage it than the severity of the melodrama and the revolver of the assize courts do to discourage it.

The question, eternally bristling with mournful difficulties, of the relations between the sexes gives rise to many other hypocrisies. Take the case of girls who become mothers. Quite recently one of these sad occurrences led to a young barrister being shot dead by the brother of the mistress whom he refused to marry. There had been no promise of marriage, which French law does not recognise, so that the lover was within his legal right, and, considering the special circumstances, he was within his moral right as well. The woman was twenty-seven years old, the senior of her so-called seducer, and taking into account the extreme reserve imposed upon young girls by French manners, especially among the middle classes, the young man was justified in believing that one who had been so easily conquered, and who had succeeded so well in deceiving her family, was not likely to make a reliable wife.

However, the brother was acquitted. This meant that, though having killed a man with premeditation and by surprise, plunging into grief a mother left without resources by the loss of the son who supported her, he was not a murderer, but a vindicator of justice armed by morality. "It is severe, but just," an inhabitant of Laputa might think; "blessed is the nation whose standard of virtue is so high." How astonished this simple-minded islander would be to see these same jurymen, when at home and stripped of their judicial majesty, smiling with paternal indulgence, mingled with pride, at the amorous pranks of their sons. And the mothers themselves, virtuous women as they may be, are agreeably tickled by the thought that their sons "run after the women," an expression which implies no end of acts contrary to morality. And when enlightened men propose that we should borrow the English laws respecting breach of promise of marriage, and insist upon the damages due from the man to the woman he has wronged—surely a less onerous reparation than death—fathers and mothers raise a great outcry, and adduce against those laws no end of arguments. "So much the worse for the young girls," they cry, "let them look after themselves." "But these people are frightful hypocrites," the native of Laputa would declare; and it would be difficult to contradict him.

More astonishment and more indignation await him. Lately a piece by M. Guy de Maupassant attracted all Paris. The subject was the grievous mischance of a man who on the very day of his marriage is torn from his legitimate happiness by the despairing appeal of a former mistress who is dying and who had led a loose life. He goes to her, and finds a newly-born child, of whom he is the father. The mother pleads for the baby in pathetic terms. That he should take charge of it is all very well. But he does more. He takes the little bastard home—the home of the pure young girl whom he has just made his wife—and begs her to accept it as her first-born. I do not exaggerate. And not only does she accept this strange proposal, after a feeble resistance, but everybody, upon the stage and in the house, considers it quite natural. But among the 150,000 persons who have gone into ecstacies over *Musotte* it would be impossible to find two men who would think of offering such a wedding present to their wives, or two women who would accept it.

Good or bad, such is the state of the public conscience in this matter that whenever there is any talk in France of a bastardy law, compelling the father to contribute towards the support of his illegitimate children, a formidable and almost unanimous opposition is raised by public opinion. This is a case of special hypocrisy—sentimental hypocrisy. It is met with in every country, but especially in France, because the French are excitable, impressionable, imaginative, and too readily dupe themselves with words.

This sentimental hypocrisy has much in common with literary hypocrisy, which is also met with in every country ; but it must not be supposed that the progress of what is called the Naturalist School has extirpated it in France. Where virtue is concerned, the realistic writer—witness M. de Maupassant and his play—becomes as conventional as the rest. Is there any country in which literature is really the mirror of life? To read English novels, it might be supposed that all the wives were virtuous and very few of the husbands even flighty. To read French novels, on the other hand, foreigners might believe in an excess of immorality. But just as French fiction exaggerates the immorality of married

women, so does it exaggerate the innocence of the unmarried. Notwithstanding the ignorance and reserve in which most young girls are brought up in France, no such artless maiden is ever seen in real life as we meet with in novels and on the stage.

In real life, as in literature, the unmarried Frenchwoman is wrapped up in trappings of hypocritical conventionality that would disgust even Mrs. Grundy. If we could trust mere appearances we should believe that she knows nothing, sees nothing, understands nothing—from which, as she is in the midst of our daily life, we might infer that she is stupid. Fortunately for her and her future husband, much of her ignorance is mere pretence. She is not taken to the theatre to see *Phèdre*, but she knows that tragedy by heart as a classical work. She is permitted to read certain novels at home provided that she says nothing about them. The *Carmen* of Mérimée is forbidden, but she is allowed to hear the *Carmen* of Bizet, which is an exact reproduction of it, with extremely suggestive music added. She is supposed to know nothing about love, and yet love is the favourite subject of her gossip with friends, as it is everywhere among young girls. It would seem as though in France the *cant* of sentiment, outstripping that of England, would classify the young girl as belonging to a third sex. No doubt increasing years, in default of marriage, release her from this restraint; but the desire to appear young, delaying her emancipation far beyond reasonable limits, often renders the consequences of this special hypocrisy very amusing. They are melancholy, too, for they make marriage a leap in the dark for the husband, who cannot know anything of the real character which has been so artfully dissimulated. How this affects the happiness and the morality of marriage may be divined.

Shall I speak of the stupendous national hypocrisy which is called French "galanterie"? Thoroughly French, indeed, for the word is untranslatable. Even in the language the sense has never been completely fixed; everybody repeats it without knowing exactly what it means, probably because it means nothing at all, but the people are extremely proud of it. It is vaguely thought to signify a blending of eager attention, respectful regard, and delicate politeness, rendered by the stronger to the weaker sex.

Hence the hypocritical axiom, "The strength of a woman is her weakness," which satisfies the eminently French love of antithesis. But there is another definition which might be given of "galanterie" as far as it is specially French; it is the right of a man to be always on the point of failing in the respect he owes to a woman he does not know. Two intelligent American ladies, visiting Paris for the first time, told me that after a few days, owing to the manner in which they were looked at by the passers-by on the Boulevards, they no longer dared to stop before a shop window lest they should be subjected to some annoyance. I assured them that they need not be apprehensive of this, and in the end they became accustomed to it. It is none the less true that every Frenchman considers a woman fair game, which he has a right to pursue at his risk and peril whenever opportunity is favourable, merely taking care to act with prudence. This is what is called being "galant." As to the natural protection which the superiority of his physical strength imposes on him as a duty towards women, he certainly does not refuse it; in this he is much the same as others. But so much mistrusted is he, that it would be imprudent for a woman to ask an unknown man to do her a service, and often even to accept such service if offered.

As to the more serious aspects of life, France is one of the most illiberal of countries in everything relating to the civil status of women. They enjoy none of the political rights accorded to them by English law. Their subordination in the marriage state is complete, including their dependence in money matters, even in regard to their own property. Considerable energy and perseverance had to be displayed to force their entry into the medical profession. The art schools, the schools of law, and the higher studies, are still closed to them. In the liberal professions, even in art and literature, they meet at every turn with obstacles, resistance, suspicion, and snares, as though their sex disqualified them for the struggle of life. Instead of seriously discussing the opportuneness of certain reforms in their social position, and rejecting them if deemed impracticable or premature, the mere suggestion excites the hilarity of the public. Moreover, the Code Napoléon contains an article declaring all minors, imbeciles, persons con-

victed of crime, and *women*, except mothers, to be incapable of acting as guardians of children or as members of *Conseils de Famille*. All this is set forth in due order as though the object had been to try and find the most insulting form in which to put an exclusion, which may, perhaps, be judicious. Oh, chivalrous Frenchmen, what became of French "galanterie" when you adopted this uncivil clause which no one has yet thought of modifying?

I might say a good deal, too, about the crocodile tears shed so copiously in France over the stationary condition of the population which threatens to under-populate the country. The desire for increased comfort coinciding with the increased cost of living, the overcrowding of every profession, the compulsory division of property among heirs, and the physical feebleness of the old Latin race which renders the rearing of children more troublesome—all these causes considerably restrict the number of births among the well-to-do middle classes. Among the motives which produce this state of things some are, perhaps, objectionable, others sagacious. Anyhow, it is considered a duty to vituperate against this egotistical prudence, and to eloquently paraphrase the Divine words: "Increase and multiply." Among the most ardent and most austere moralists there are not only a number of confirmed bachelors, as is natural, but a few patriarchs, while public opinion generally regards a large family as a calamity. By "large" I mean more than three or four children. If a needy man burdened with a family has to be assisted, the first instinctive impulse is to reproach him for his want of self-control; and if the rich take it into their heads to people the world, folks smile with indignant pity as at a harmless whim. Yet with all this, let a writer attempt, not to justify, but merely to explain, this falling off in the number of births, and he will not find a single publication to insert his remarks. If I know what speaking out would mean, here is the most delightful hypocrisy.

As may be supposed, it is not religious views which inspire this platonic love for the patriarchal family among Frenchmen. It is national feeling which prompts them, and they declare loudly that boys are wanted to recruit the army. This remark leads me to

the dangerous topic of patriotic hypocrisy, which I do not care to deal with, but which I cannot pass by without a word. God forbid that I should throw any doubt upon the depth and sincerity of patriotic feeling in France. No one would believe me, and with good reason. The enormous pecuniary sacrifices which the nation makes for the maintenance of its army, the readiness with which the burden, so onerous and so painful, of compulsory military service for all is borne, the unanimity of all political parties upon purely national questions, prove this to demonstration. And if war should break out between France and Germany, the French would do their duty not only heroically, but even enthusiastically. The truth must nevertheless be told, and it is a truth there is no need to be ashamed of. With the lapse of twenty years since the cruel reverses so bitterly suffered by the French nation hitherto accustomed to victory, the feeling of rancour and the thirst for revenge have calmed down. This is human and it is fatal. There is no wound which time will not heal, and the Gallic race is too vigorous and too active to fret at the recollection of past misfortunes. To come at once to the point, France does *not* wish to pick a quarrel with Germany. If the occasion arose she would seize it, but she will not invent it. People know so well how terrible a war must be which would drench all Europe in blood, that even the warmest patriots do not desire it, even if the revenge of victory were certain at the close.

The Germans are not hated so much as people say. Assuredly no sympathy is felt for them—there has never been much, owing to the moral antagonism between the two races—and if they met with disaster it would cause rejoicing. That is natural. International relations are established upon feelings of this nature, yet they do not prevent nations living on good terms with their neighbours. We have done so for twenty years, and the longer peace lasts the firmer it becomes from mere force of habit. But this is not avowed, and the quietude of appeasement is passed off as the coldness of rancour. This little hypocrisy, of which a host of sensible people are both the dupes and the accomplices, is harmless enough when confined to mere words. But there are also enthusiastic and ardent persons, some sincere, who in their

anxiety to be thought different from ordinary mortals, make so much noise that they intimidate others, and keep up this patriotic hypocrisy of pretending to entertain sentiments of hatred towards Germany which are not really felt. When they have one of their acute attacks of Germanophobia everybody else hides his head.

What happened when the Empress Frederick visited Paris is not forgotten. In perfect sincerity of conscience most of the French artists had accepted the courteous invitation of the Emperor William to exhibit in Berlin, just as France had invited the German artists to exhibit in Paris. Such interchanges are of daily occurrence in art, in literature, in industry, in commerce, and this was a matter of course. But two or three blusterers thought it a good opportunity for advertising themselves. They raised on high the banner of patriotism, which had nothing to do with this peaceful artistic demonstration; they raved and ranted; they talked nonsense by the hour, nonsense, the emptiness and absurdity of which were shown in speech and writing by every sensible person. The artists had not the courage to turn a deaf ear to this brawling clamour; they unpacked their pictures ready to be sent off, declaring that they bowed to public opinion. Nice public opinion, certainly! like the grotesque scarecrows placed in gardens to frighten away birds. Thanks to these scarecrows, hypocrisy gained the day, while covering France with ridicule. This idiotic incident was a new edition of that of *Lohengrin* a few years ago, when a cabal led by a musician discontented at the neglect of his works, and composed of a score or so of noisy brawlers, succeeded in preventing the representation of the opera in Paris by so terrifying the Government that it prohibited the performance. As this patriotic phalanx, anti-Wagnerian and anti-German, was mostly recruited from the scullions in white jackets who were leaving their work, it is a joke now to call the members of the L. D. P., or "Ligue des Patriotes," "The Patriotic Scullions." People ridicule them, but yield to them, and it is this strange weakness which constitutes the patriotic hypocrisy, which (parodying the definition I gave at the beginning) might be called the homage rendered by common-sense to foolishness. For a witty and intelligent nation the result is really charming.

What is the conclusion to be drawn from these remarks, the undue development of which would be a reproach to me did I not hope that the English reader would find in them, in default of their merit, some satisfaction for national susceptibility? They at least show that the parable of the beam and the mote is eternally true, and that in these days of examinations there is one which is too much neglected, the examination of the conscience.

A FRENCHMAN.

[For obvious reasons the name of the writer of this article cannot be published.—ED.]

SWALLOWS AND SPARROWS.

"Swallows, swallows, little sisters—
Sisters, seek my mother dear."
—*Gypsy Girl's Lament.*

POLITICS and fashions change; the speech and manners of men alter with passing time; lovely landscapes are gradually stamped out by smoky cities; even our favourite simple flowers become distorted by modern taste into monster double varieties. But birds remain unchanged; they sing as sweetly now as in a primeval world, whilst their feather dress is the same as of yore. And there are two kinds of small birds—neither of them songsters of the grove—which for many reasons must continue to force themselves upon the notice of even the least ardent of bird-lovers.

Swallows and sparrows have ever been the sheep and goats of bird-life. The swallow is as affectionately regarded as the sparrow is ill-spoken of and badly looked upon, for, like many another tradition, this folk-lore of love and hate has won its way through various parts of the world, and amongst widely different races of people.

Possibly, their poetical migration adds to the charm of swallows, whilst sparrows—like the poor—are with us always. "Russian peasants believe that on the 25th of March the swallow comes flying from Paradise and brings with it warmth to the earth." Meanwhile, although "one swallow does not make a summer," the first swallow is as welcome a promise of warm weather as the first snowdrop is a sweet harbinger of spring; and when, every year,

"Gathering swallows twitter in the skies,"

preparatory to their autumn departure, we view our summer visitors with peculiar interest.

Legends of the swallow are almost innumerable. Amongst them are many sacred ones, the best-known, perhaps, being the Norwegian story which tells how, "when our Saviour was crucified a little bird came and perched upon the Cross, peered sorrowfully down upon the Sufferer, and twittered 'Hugsvala, svala, svala, Honom!' *i.e.*, 'Console, console, console Him!' Hence it obtained the name of Sla."*

A Russian legend, somewhat similar, narrates that "before the Crucifixion the swallows carried off the nails provided for the use of the executioners, but the sparrows brought them back. And, while our Lord was hanging on the Cross, the sparrows were maliciously exclaiming 'Jif! Jif!' *i.e.*, 'He is living! He is living!' in order to urge on the tormentors to fresh cruelties. But the swallows cried, with opposite intent, 'Umer! Umer!' *i.e.*, 'He is dead! He is dead!' Therefore it is that to kill a swallow is a sin, and that its nest brings good luck to a house. But the sparrow is an unwelcome guest, whose entry into a cottage is a presage of woe. As a punishment for its sins its legs have been fastened together by invisible bonds, and therefore it always hops, not being able to run."†

The movements of the sparrow cannot compare in grace or beauty to those of the swallow. In addition to many names pointing to its sacredness, (such as Marien-schwalbe or Herrgotts-vogel in Germany, Pilloni de Santa Lucia in Sardinia, Poule de Dieu in France, the Bird of Jesus in Arabia, &c.), the shape of the swallow, added to its graceful flight, has probably given rise to the popular couplet:

> "The martin and the swallow
> Are God Almighty's bow and arrow"

By somewhat similar reasoning, it is possible that the exceeding height of their flight (when emigrating) may have occasioned the legend that swallows aided their Creator to build the skies. This same altitude in flight, and consequent invisibility, have doubtless also been the cause of curious antiquated ideas with regard to the absence of swallows during part of the year. Naturalists

* Swainson. † *Ibid.*

assuredly believed of these birds that "in the beginning of autumn they assemble together among the reeds; where, allowing themselves to sink into the water, they join bill to bill, wing to wing, and foot to foot." And, "in the northern waters, fishermen oftentimes by chance draw up in their nets an abundance of swallows, hanging together like a conglomerate mass."*

Drayton, writing three centuries ago, mentions

"The swallow's winter bed
The caverns where the winds are bred."

In truth, the belief was common till lately; it is one which Johnson appears to have shared, and we are even more surprised to find that so late as 1837 (according to the Rev. F. O. Morris) the *Kendal Mercury* detailed the circumstance of a person having observed several swallows emerging from Grasmere Lake, in the spring of the year, in the form of bell-shaped bubbles, from each of which a bird burst forth.

Sparrows build in the eaves of our houses, like swallows (for with tree swallows we have nothing here to do), but the nests of the former meet with none of the respect which the residence of a swallow always commands, even when it selects a royal war-tent, as in the camp of the Emperor Charles V. Yet, from beneath our roofs, the homelier birds twitter happily, often greatly to the annoyance of human sluggards at early dawn. They—the sparrows—sometimes rear four broods during spring and summer.

The sparrow has long since won for itself the nickname of Philip or Philp, owing to the sound of its own twittering. "The boke of Phyllyp Sparowe, compyled by Mayster Skelton, Poete Laureate," is the supposed lament of a young damsel who says:

"I wept and I wayled,
The teares downe hayled;
But nothynge it auayled
To call Phyllyp agayne,
Whom Gyb our cat hath slayne."

Presently she proceeds to ask for vengeance on the cat, and

"*Dirige* for Phyllyppes soule."

* Olaus Magnus.

Although the sparrow is sometimes considered to be gifted with prophetic power—for, says an old writer :

> " A flight of sparrows flying in the day
> Did prophesie the fall and sacke of Troy " —

still, this bird is the victim of much cruel superstition. " A sparrow, if caught, must not be kept alive, otherwise the parents of the catcher will die."

Nor, for the matter of that, is the swallow altogether safe from abuse. Perchance, as an exception to prove the rule of a generally accepted saintliness, the Celtic race dread rather than admire the swallow. In Ireland it is called " devil's bird," and in some parts of Scotland " a witch hag." Moreover, the Celts have a curious tradition that " on every man's head is a special hair which, if a swallow can pick or pull out, the owner will be doomed to perdition."

Swallows and sparrows have been brought into juxtaposition long since, by many writers, even by King David himself. "He (David) so envied the swallow and sparrow, even because they could come to the altar of God, where He had promised to give His presence, when he, as I think, by the rage of Saul, was forced to abide remote. . . . 'Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, *even* thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.'"*

In Luther's *Table Talk* occurs a quaint passage :—

" Luther took in his hand a young Sparrow, and said : Thou Bare-foot Frier with thy graie coat, thou art the most mischievous bird. . . . A Preaching Frier and a Bare-foot wandred together into the Countrie to beg for the Brethren, and to gather Alms. . . . The Bare-foot Frier preaching first, said, Loving Countrie people, and good friends ! Take heed of that bird the Swallow, for it is white within, but upon the back it is black ; it is an evil bird, alwaies cherping, but profitable for nothing. . . . This Bare-foot Frier hereby intended to point out the preaching Friers that wear on the outside black coats, inward they wear white Bandillions. Now as in that afternoon the Preaching Frier

* John Bunyan.

came into the Pulpit, hee plaied likewise upon the Bare-foot Frier, and said, Indeed, loving friends! I neither may nor can well defend the Swallow, but the graie Sparrow is far a wors and more hurtful bird than the Swallow; for hee robbeth, stealeth, and devoureth all hee can get, as Oats, Barlie, Peas, Cherries, &c."

Swallows were greatly beloved by the ancient Greeks. I think it is Mr. Ruskin who says: "As long as I love swallows and roses, so long shall I love Anacreon."

To the Greeks belongs the legend of Procne and Philomela, two sisters who were metamorphosed (as the gentle reader need scarcely be reminded), the one into a nightingale, the other into a swallow.

Anacreon sang of the "chattering swallow" that awoke him from his dreams, and in another ode he somewhat enviously apostrophized the migratory bird:

"Thou indeed, swallow dear,
Turning hither every year,
Buildest home in summer,
Then in winter, out of sight,
To Nile or Memphis takest flight;
But Love—a constant comer—
Evermore within my breast,
And in my heart, doth weave his nest."

In modern Greece, as equivalent to our May Day, March Day is still considered a spring festival. "Bands of youngsters go from house to house in the hopes of getting little gifts of fruit or cheese. They take with them a wooden swallow which they spin round to their song:

'The Swallow speeds her flight
O'er the sea-foam white,
And then a-singing she doth slake her wing.
March, March, my delight,
And February wan and wet,
For all thy snow and rain thou yet
Hast a perfume of the spring.'

"Or perhaps to the following variant, given by Mr. Lewis Sergeant in *New Greece*:

'She is here, she is here,
The swallow that brings us the beautiful year;
Open wide the door,
We are children again, we are old no more.'" *

The above are very ancient traditions, for, more than two thousand years ago, the children at Rhodes, on the festival of Spring, went about from house to house carrying young swallows and singing a swallow song which has been handed down by Athenæus.

Meanwhile, the Romans considered swallows to be the spirits of dead children revisiting their homes.

Modern poets have glorified the swallow in many languages. The "rondinella pellegrina" is invoked in many a Florentine "rispetto," nor does the bird pass unnoticed in the songs of France.

Our English writers on so favourite a subject are too numerous for mention. Although it is to be feared that neither the constant attachment through life of the swallow to his one mate, nor yet his useful propensity to rid us of midges and other small insects† (even whilst gracefully circling before our eyes) sufficiently inspire our poets, his rapid flight and wonderful travelling capabilities seem to fit him specially to be the messenger of a yearning lover. How many a one has not sighed with Tennyson:

"O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee!"

On the other hand, but few minstrels have chanted in praise of the common sparrow. "Wherever this bird is met with," says a well-known authority, "his character is much the same—bold, pert, and familiar." Voluble he is, and gregarious, "so that the 'sparrow that sitteth alone upon the house-top' has been well selected by the Psalmist as an emblem of forlorn melancholy."‡

One poetic occupation is not denied to sparrows, for, as Mr. Morris tells us, "they are said to be trained in Persia to hunt butterflies, such being one of the royal sports there."

* *Essays in the Study of Folk-songs*, Countess Martinengo Cesaresco.
† "The swift-wing'd swallow feeding as it flies."
‡ Morris.

Alas! In impudence, mischief, and unattractiveness, our London sparrows surpass all others of their race, and we assuredly do not prize them. "Instances are not wanting, however, of great attachment on the part of caged sparrows for persons by whom they have been reared," whilst an imprisoned swallow would prove an inconvenient, not to say an impossible pet.

Nor should want of interest in the sparrow allow anyone to become callous to the fact that the little brown biped can suffer as keenly as many a more beautiful creature.

Lately, we heard with some horror of a lady who advertised for live sparrows to be sent from the country once or twice a week for the delectation of her favourite cat. We likewise shuddered to learn that the scarlet or blue "fancy" birds used for ladies' hats are our familiar sparrows, slowly roasted to death in order that their plumage may be unimpaired and suitable for colour-dyeing.

These homely birds, like other poor folk, are kind towards each other. Many stories of such good-fellowship are told—one sparrow feeding the young of another "hausmutter" who had broken her leg, &c. But for the perfect truth of such wondrous narratives this writer cannot vouch.

Meanwhile, to the swallow a new career is promised, and we are by-and-bye to see carrier swallows trained and used in preference to pigeons, thus justifying the poets' aspirations. Let us hope that the new messengers may not be suddenly seized with a desire to travel in some contrary direction on their own account.

There is a story extant of a swallow which, at emigrating time, was placed in a padded box in a dark room. The poor bird, poised on its wings, held itself aloft at the top of the box for many hours, then fell to the ground, exhausted but apparently content, and under the delusion that it was now at the end of its necessary journey!

The swallow stone has curious traditions connected with the bird whose name it bears. "In Normandy the swallow knows how to find upon the sea-beach a pebble which has the marvellous power of restoring sight to the blind."* Such stones, "the hard

* Quoted in Swainson.

polished calcareous opercula of some species of *Turbo*," are occasionally found in swallows' nests. Pliny, and other ancient writers, actually believed in their efficacy.

The Celandine or swallow's herb was also supposed to cure blindness, being, it was imagined, used by the birds to restore the eyes of their young ones. Says Gerarde of "the great Celandine or Swallow-wort, in Greeke χελιδόνιον: It is called Celandine, not because it first springeth at the comming in of Swallowes, or dieth when they go away (for, as we have said, it may be found all the yere), but because some hold opinion that with this herb the dams restore sight to their yong ones when they cannot see. Which things are vain and false; for Cornelius Calsus witnesseth, That when the sight of the eies of divers yong birds is put forth by some outward means, it will after a time be restored of it selfe, and soonest of all the sight of the Swallow; whereupon (as the same Author saith) the tale grew, how thorow an herb the dams restore that thing which healeth of it selfe."

Possibly, however, it was the virtue of the Celandine which caused it to be associated with such eminent oculists as the swallows, for Gerarde goes on to say that "the juice of the herbe is good to sharpen the sight." Possibly, also, the legend of the restoration of sight, *i.e.*, the eyes being opened, may have given rise to another less known tradition, the Celandine being one of the many spring-worts, or key-flowers of tradition, credited with the power of opening anything locked, and supposedly brought by swallows and other birds to their nests.

Much more might be said of the two contrasting subjects of this short paper.

Some time ago, a stuffed swallow was given to the writer, with the remark that the iridescent tints of its plumage were all the brighter because the poor bird had but lately returned from the far south. Small wonder is it that the poetising influence of tradition persuaded ignorant folks that the beautiful swallow in absence had visited Paradise! Like the robin and more than one other bird, it is looked upon as a fire-bringer, and the burnt-sienna feathers of its throat have given rise to some of the same legends as those chiefly considered the property of the robin.